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Can the World Find Peace?

NEARLY seventeen years ago, President Wilson drew his famous distinction between the German Government and the people of Germany. The German Government, he said, was marked for destruction, but our feelings for the German people were of the most friendly nature. Probably most of the President's fellow-citizens felt at the time that Dr. Wilson had merely fallen once more into the schoolmaster's weakness for phrase-making. But time brings its changes in the temper of a nation. Seventeen years later, at the 1933 dinner of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation, President Roosevelt repeated and amplified his predecessor's distinction, and applied it, most significantly, to the world's desire for international peace.

In the United States, surely, the last thing that is desired by the people is war. What can be said of us can be said with equal truth of the vast majority of the peoples of the rest of the world. Probably there has been no extended period in the history of the civilized world during which a considerable number of the people of any nation have desired to make war. The forced levies that began as early as 1810 are evidence that the military glories even of a Napoleon are tinsel and not pure gold. In our own country, in the North as well as in the South, by the opening of 1862 men "flocked to the colors" only because the alternative was a drumhead court martial. Wars generally open with a wave, soon swelling to a deluge, of national enthusiasm that sweeps away all reason; but the deluge recedes as quickly, and is followed by compulsory enlistments. Left to themselves, men have no taste for killing and destroying, either singly or with a regiment. As a profession war is foreign to the heart of man.

But if that be true, why cannot the world find peace? Woodrow Wilson seemed to think that the time had come when the people could prevent their Governments from making war. President Roosevelt proposes that "from now on war by Governments shall be changed to peace by peoples." All that is necessary is that the people shall realize their power and use it. But what means to this end does the President suggest?

In the first place, the President asserts that "the definite policy of the United States from now on is one opposed to armed intervention." The primary reference here is to "our Latin-American neighbors," but the President's words can bear a general construction. Next, the President proposes a policy of gradual offensive disarmament by all nations. Thirdly, a pledge by every nation that under no circumstances will it move its armed forces over its own frontiers against another country. Thus the fear of France for its security, the principal obstacle to disarmament, is removed; and a new definition is proposed of an aggressor against whom the whole civilized world would be set.

Probably every member of a peace conference, public or private, has been confronted by the question, "What are your resolutions worth *practically*? You tell us to reduce armaments, to close munition factories. Would this not be an open invitation for attack by our nearest powerful neighbor?" And invariably the delegate is met by a superior smile, when he confesses that he is not able to point out in precise and practical detail all the effects in every part of the world, of gradual disarmament, or of the control of munition plants. Of course, he is unable to furnish a reply to these queries which, in reality, are taunts, nor do sensible men expect a reply. But the unthinking world does, and when the answer is not forthcoming, argues that disarmament is not an olive branch,

but a new complication in the problem of world peace.

Of what worth are all these strivings for peace? To say that they are worthless, that we must simply go on as we are, with the world forever on the brink of war, is to urge a counsel of despair. Some nation must begin the reform. Some favored people must set the example. To us it appears that no step, barren as it may seem of immediate results, is lost, provided that it is taken with a reasonable hope of helping the world to realize the lasting benefits of stable peace. The League of Nations "was handicapped from its birth," to quote President Roosevelt, by Governments "seeking their own profit and their own safety first," and world peace last, if at all. Yet, directly and indirectly, the League has contributed to the growth of the conviction that of all methods of composing international disputes, war is incomparably the worst. It has not accomplished all that was hoped, but it has helped to create in the world a spirit that seeks and cherishes peace.

If peace depends upon the functioning of a people determined to maintain peace, the first step is to educate all peoples to abhor war and to love peace. Hence, it seems to us, both a League of Nations, and even so simple a device as a peace meeting in a high-school debating society, are distinctly worth while. We do not know how the greed of munition-factory owners can be destroyed. We do not know the precise effects of a determined policy of disarmament by the United States. But our ignorance must not serve as an excuse for doing nothing. What we do not know must not paralyze our work in what we do know.

Poison at the Corner

THE city of New York is undergoing one of its periodical "investigations." This time attention is focussed on the corner newsstands, and it is alleged that certain city officials have used them for purposes of extortion.

Even if true, that is not the most shocking feature of these stands. Degraded politicians may have been using them for extortion, but men for whose vileness there is no word in the language, have most certainly been using them to corrupt the morals of the young. A glance at the illustrated publications openly displayed at almost every street corner in the city makes one ask if the laws against public indecency have been suspended in New York. It is with shame that we remember that the official who was supposedly in charge of licensing these stands is, or is reputed to be, a Catholic.

To men and women of mature years and settled character, the narratives presented in these publications are not alluring. Without literary art, or pretense to it, they are either cheaply vulgar or, more usually, deady dull. But the sale of these publications is not confined to persons of mature years and settled character. No one need consult a specialist to ascertain the results, when youth, in whom passion runs high, is the purchaser and reader. The results are known to parents, teachers, and to all who

in this age of Sodom and Gomorrha are trying to protect our young people against the debilitating poison of impurity.

Unfortunately, this public assault upon morals and good breeding is not confined to New York. Within recent months these publications have been put on sale even in our smaller towns and cities. We suggest that a demand be made upon all prosecuting attorneys to proceed vigorously against these corrupters of the young. It is the duty of every municipality to protect the community against tainted food. It is no less the duty of public officials to protect the community against tainted publications.

Soviet Guarantees

NOTHING but good news comes from Russia. A new industrial plan has been adopted which will soon, or within five years, bring comfort to every home in the land. Unemployment will be replaced by employment, measured to the capabilities and desires of the individual, the result being comfort and independence without a single concession to the capitalistic system. Literature and art, too, are flourishing, and it is reported that a young lady whose terpsichorean grace has won universal applause, will soon be dispatched to these shores as a messenger of light and beauty.

But in all these reports we look in vain for a trace of the enormous orders which were to be placed in the United States as soon as recognition had been accorded. Not even Smith W. Brookhart, whose daily bulletins once fell as fast as Autumn leaves on a windy day, can tell us when these orders are to come. The sad fact seems to be that in this workaday world even the Soviet Government is compelled to deal with credits, budgets, balances, and other shameful symbols of the capitalistic system. The Government apparently wishes to purchase American goods with money loaned by Americans on long-time credit, or with goods made in Russia under the forced labor system. But up to the present, neither of these propositions has been warmly welcomed. The story of our loans abroad is not a happy one; and with so many unemployed at home, the moment does not seem propitious for the introduction of goods, manufactured by slave labor in Russia for export purposes.

Nor do we observe any references to that perfect liberty of worship which, as M. Litvinov assured the President, is guaranteed by the Soviet Government to all. Probably all such references were blue-penciled by the interview at Rome in which M. Litvinov stated that he had made absolutely no concessions to the Americans. For once M. Litvinov spoke the truth, since what President Roosevelt meant by religious liberty has been and still is banned by the Soviet Government. But did M. Litvinov intend his Roman interview as an assurance to Moscow that his concessions in regard to Soviet propaganda in the United States were also to be taken in the same sense?

Sooner or later, and sooner, we trust, this question must be examined by Congress. Little Miss Bullitt, daughter of

our Ambassador to Russia, is quoted as saying that "it's lovely in Russia," a view which coincides with that publicly expressed, in more diplomatic language, however, by her father. Mr. Bullitt is no Communist, but he has long looked at the world through spectacles that contain at least one Communistic lens. When one wears pink glasses, the landscape is apt to take on that hue.

This is an aspect of the case which the Senate may, and probably will, take up when Mr. Bullitt's name is presented for confirmation as Ambassador to the United Soviet Republics. We may as well resign ourselves to the coming of Soviet propaganda, but we are entitled to ask that the diplomatic mail bag be closed against it.

Who Owns the Land?

WE await with interest the complete text of the address delivered at Philadelphia on December 29 by Rexford G. Tugwell, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture. Even the rather full reports published by the *New York Sun* and the *Chicago Tribune* leave some natural queries unanswered. It is not quite clear, for instance, whether in Mr. Tugwell's view land belongs to those who hold it by clear and honest title, or whether the Government has merely given them a revocable license to use it. The distinction between these two views is important.

In either supposition, it is clear that Mr. Tugwell is not satisfied with the *status quo*. "We have depended too long on the hope that private ownership and control would operate somehow for the benefit of society as a whole," he said at Philadelphia. "That hope has not been realized." Since "private control has failed to use wisely its control of the land," it will become the duty of government in the future to control privately owned land "to whatever extent is found necessary for maintaining continuous productivity."

Now with very much of what Mr. Tugwell says of the evil results of the private ownership of land, we agree. In many instances, it has certainly not operated for the benefit of society, as a whole, nor, it may be added, for the real welfare of the owner. But we are entitled to stress the difference between use and misuse, and to require proof of the proposition that misuse argues unsound tenure, or extinguishes a tenure that is undoubted, or transfers ownership of the property in question to the State.

No government can be justified in suspending, still less in destroying, private ownership, unless two points can be established beyond controversy. First, the evil results must be so deep rooted and so widespread as to constitute a permanent menace to the public welfare. Second, it must be shown that the plan of control "of all land, public and private," by the Government is reasonably calculated to cure these evils. In our judgment, neither of these points can be established. Misuse and abuse of the ownership of land, or of any other thing of material value, can be checked and gradually eliminated by appropriate legislation in the States and, as far as may be pertinent, by Congress. Next, in view of the purposes for which the

Federal Government was created, we may stand aghast, as Jefferson did, at the possibility of an era in which Washington shall bid us when to plant and when to reap. For in that day we shall surely want bread.

The right to hold property, despite the abuses to which it has been subjected, is inherent in man's nature. It cannot be destroyed, or unduly regulated, without impairing the normal development of man's nature, and undermining the foundations of society. Leo XIII was fully alive to the manifold misuse of the right, yet he condemned the proposal to transfer the possessions of individual owners to the community at large as "manifestly against justice," and held that it would bring "State action into a sphere not within its competence, and create utter confusion in the community." What he would have thought of compensated transfers, as the basis of a national policy of government ownership or control of all land, may be inferred from his eloquent exposition of the principle that private and exclusive ownership of goods and land is in full accord with the law of man's nature, and that, when properly asserted and exercised, such ownership "conduces in the most unmistakable manner to the peace and tranquillity of human existence." The great Pontiff did not condemn private ownership but, rather, exhorted all men to strive by thrift, industry, and virtuous living, to acquire a fitting and proper competence.

Mr. Tugwell's theories trench on dangerous ground. According to the chairman of the Oklahoma State Board of Agriculture, H. B. Cordell, the plan as stated at Philadelphia is "rank State socialism, an unwarranted interference with man and with property rights." That, possibly, is an extreme view, but the opinion expressed by J. C. Brashears, of the Missouri State Agricultural Commission, "Tugwell's plan is full of dynamite," may serve as a salutary warning. Man, not the State, owns the land. If we pull away from that principle, we shall meet nothing but disaster.

The President's Message

ALL doubt of the personal popularity of President Roosevelt was dissipated by the reception given him when he read his Message to Congress on January 3. The Senate, the House, the Cabinet, and their invited guests greeted the President with rounds of applause hitherto unknown in the somber assemblies under the dome of the capitol. The enthusiasm was that of a national convention when the name of the favored son is announced.

The dominant note of the Message, contrasted with that of last March, was confidence and assurance. The President believes that we have "made great strides toward the objectives" of the Recovery Act. Recovery does not mean, for most of our people, a return to the old methods, but "a reform of many old methods," and a permanent readjustment of social and economic arrangements. The President did well, we think, to stress this distinction, since the most valuable, if as yet not properly appreciated, lesson of the depression is that we dare not

return to "business as it was." It is evident that in the President's view, the mass of our recovery legislation has passed beyond the experimental stage. He admits that the machinery was "hurriedly devised," and that it "may need readjustment from time to time," but with this, the limit of his concessions is reached. He has no doubt that we have created a permanent "modernized industrial structure," to be maintained "under the supervision, but not the arbitrary dictation, of government itself."

Disappointment was expressed at the jejune reference in the Message to the question of a stabilized national currency. Whether the President intends to keep this question out of the hands of Congress remains to be seen. It also remains to be seen whether, supposing that to be his plan, he will be able to control Congress. Despite predictions by party leaders, the present Congress may see many mighty battles.

Note and Comment

Turn of the Year For the Negro

THE last day of the year saw several developments which, in spite of other discouraging events, brought hope to the Negro Catholics of the United States. On Sunday, December 31, the Rev. William A. Lane, a newly ordained priest, celebrated his first Solemn High Mass at the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, in New York City. Father Lane was ordained on December 23, by the Most Rev. John J. Swint, D.D., Bishop of Wheeling, for the Archdiocese of Trinidad, B. W. I., where he expects to labor. He is the third living Negro priest ordained in the United States. His ordination and first Mass represent twenty years of persevering struggle against overwhelming odds for a collegiate and clerical education. December 31 saw the successful close of the 1933 series of monthly forums on social justice which have been given under the auspices of the Laymen's Union of New York City, a colored professional and business men's branch of the Catholic Evidence Guild Conference. The series for 1934 will be begun on January 28. December 31 saw also a Catholic white layman, the Hon. James J. Hoey, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second District of New York; a non-Catholic Negro editor, Elmer A. Carter, editor of *Opportunity*; and a Catholic priest joining in a nationwide plea, over Station WOR, for justice to the Negro to the NRA; while but a few days previous Mrs. Edward O. Morrell had uttered a similar plea over Station WLWL, on behalf of Negro education. Mr. Hoey urged a campaign of education for employers as to the actual situation of the Negro worker, while Mr. Carter stressed the special educational needs of the present time.

Captain of the Ark and Dove

NO pre-election campaigns at Pittsburgh were necessary in order to elect the editor of the *Commonweal*, Michael Williams, president of the American Catholic

Historical Association. It was the logical choice. However, a special reason may escape notice. During the first four months of the year 1934, the Association, together with all the historians in the country, will be voyaging in the good ships Ark and Dove from Cowes in England, which they left on November 22, to St. Clement's Island in Maryland, which they hope to reach on March 25. Since Governor Leonard Calvert is no longer on hand to captain them—for he, we trust, is enjoying that glorious place in Heaven for which a pious and conscientious life prepared him—someone must take his place. Who more familiar with the layout of the vessels and the course to be charted than Michael Williams and his Calvert Associates? With Dr. Jeremiah D. M. Ford as First Mate, with a sea-going Jesuit as Second Mate, and Dr. Guilday as Chaplain, the journey should proceed happily. If Thomas Cornwaleys, the most outspoken member of the crew, should become too vocal, Father Stratemeier, O.P., has the facts on his past history at hand to check up on him. By now, be it added for the general information, they are reaching the southernmost lap of their long leg from the coast of Africa to the West Indies, having arrived at Barbados on January 3. There the Dove, which was lost for the whole long previous journey, rejoins the Ark; and there are happy days while they prepare to set sail northward, through the Antilles, on January 24. In Barbados, says the chronicler, Father Andrew White, "some few Catholiques there be, both English and Irish." These will be heartened by Captain Williams; and with a prayer to Our Lady and a toast in fine old Barbados rum, all the Pilgrims joyfully face the good year '34.

The League's Collapse?

THE pessimist, in a sense, is always irrefutable, particularly when he is treating of the League of Nations, for he has the whole world to draw upon to point his tale of disaster. And when the pessimist is Frank H. Simonds, as it not infrequently is, he has the floor to himself, for few men have wider experience; are more logical in their consequences. Logical, certainly is Mr. Simonds in his jeremiad in the January *Atlantic*. "The machinery of peace of the post-war era having collapsed," he observes—for Germany never did want anything out of the League but revision and return to military primacy, and the French and Poles are immovable in their boundaries—"Europe has returned to its traditional methods, and the United States has now to retire to its similarly traditional isolation or to take sides in a new Continental war to preserve the balance of power. In a word, Europe is back in 1914, and America is facing the problems which confronted it two decades ago." But is it—it being either Europe or America? Foreign to Mr. Simonds' promises is the new factor which did not exist in 1914, and did not exist at the time of the Congress of Vienna from which he draws so many lessons—the stabilizing factor of the social State, the new concept of national policy—whether internal or external, that painful experience has taught

the post-War and the post-depression world. True, the lesson is being learned very haltingly. True, mailed fists are brandished on Far Eastern and Near Eastern frontiers, and blood lust, as always, is in the air. But humble weeds can push up through slabs, and vigorous concepts move mountains. Christianity has become articulate, through her visible Head. League or no League, Europe and the international world are not wholly what they were in 1914.

Last Rites for Colonel Maciá

SIMULTANEOUS with the rise of the Spanish Republic was the sudden exaltation of Col. Francisco Maciá. Long an exile from his native land, twice imprisoned for alleged conspiracy against the State, he returned in triumph to win a large measure of autonomy for Catalonia and the chief post in the newly founded Generalitat. His intense patriotism, coupled with impassioned oratory, made him as popular a hero as Spain has known in the last twenty years. Alcalá Zamora, President of the Republic, although certainly not sharing Maciá's separatist views, professed for him a warm personal friendship and visited him at Barcelona in the course of his last illness. Another visitor to that bedside was Archbishop Barranquer of Tarragona, a friend from boyhood days, and unlike Zamora, a loyal ally in the cause of Catalan independence. This prelate, it would appear, offered more than words of idle sympathy for bodily pains; true successor of the Apostles, he spoke of the soul and of that Divine King, whom the most ardent republican may serve and, serving, reign with Him eternally. Sr. Maciá, life-long free-thinker though he was, could not have been unmoved. The parish priest was summoned and the last rites of the Church administered. The parish church was the scene of private funeral obsequies, including a Requiem Mass. In the public ceremonies the next day, the Crucifix, which Maciá's relatives had placed upon his coffin, was ostentatiously removed by hostile anti-clericals. Cheated of the soul, they would claim the corpse for themselves.

A Game Of Names

ONE of the most popular indoor sports in Soviet Russia is that of name-changing. It is a game that appeals especially to the women. Dina, Anna, and Maria want to be known respectively as Thekla, Maria, and Anna. With a view to brevity and godlessness, Bogoslavenskaya ("appearance of God") petitioned that she be called Komsomolova ("young Communist"). The fad has likewise struck the men. Comrade Krasnoshtavov ("red pants") feels that Orlov ("eagle") would be more genteel, while Dakonovy ("deacon") prefers the cadences, if not the connotations of Volny ("liberty"). Perhaps the most striking metamorphoses of all were those of ("half a man") Polovinkin to Korolev ("king") and Durakov ("fool") to Umnov ("wise"). It is thought that Erovey Feodorov switched to René Reed in order to capture a motion-picture public. So numerous have become these changes and so capricious

the choice of new names that the Soviet Government has taken alarm. Until recently, one could join in the game by paying a nominal fee of three rubles (about twenty cents at the current rate of exchange). In an effort to control the craze for novelty the price has been raised to sixty-one rubles. Besides the fee, one must register intention at the vital-statistics bureau and wait three months for a check-up that reveals whether there is any criminal purpose in the desire to change identities. The change becomes effective with publication in the official newspaper *Izvestiya*. Despite the increased tariff, it is estimated that more than five hundred will continue the practice in Moscow alone. After all, why shouldn't a graduate from the ranks prefer "Litvinov" to Finkelstein?

Medievalism and Machines

WHEN philosophers and historians elect to meet, and explore the borderland of their respective sciences, the thirteenth century is a natural point of gravitation. Being the age of St. Thomas Aquinas, it provides, through him, the "missing link" in the philosophy of history—the concept of the natural end of human society—which others overlooked. Being the age of Dante, it offers the fascinating spectacle of the man who made history himself, while he taught, sang, and lived history, philosophy, and theology all three. You wonder accordingly what would have happened if some of our modern discoveries could have been brought actually into the current of those times. This thought, rich in imaginative possibilities, was suggested in a paper contributed by Msgr. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University of America, to the session of the American Catholic Philosophical Association, meeting in Pittsburgh in conjunction with the American Catholic Historical Association, on December 28 and 29. Modern technical inventions, said Dr. Ryan, would not have brought in their train the miseries of the industrial revolution if they had been made in the thirteenth century. Steam, electricity, productive technique would have found themselves the servants in those days, not of an acquisitive minority, but of a non-acquisitive majority, who would have been fitted—other things being equal—to handle them in the spirit of social justice; just as social philosophers hope that such a majority may be able to handle them in the future.

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O'Neill's New Catholic Play

GERARD B. DONNELLY, S.J.

I HAVE just returned from Boston, where at the Plymouth Theater last night I saw the Theater Guild's production of Eugene O'Neill's new play, "Days Without End." Boston's newspaper critics, who obviously failed to understand the play and who, I think, faintly resented it, were grudging in their praise. They admitted falling under the spell of its strange plot, but they insisted almost to a man that in motivation it was "subtle," "baffling," and "incomprehensible."

Well, "Days Without End" may deserve these adjectives in a way. But personally I am still reeling from the shock of it. For I have seen a magnificently Catholic play—a play Catholic in its characters, its story, its mood, and its moral. With a Catholic priest in it—the noblest priest in the history of the modern theater. With Catholic prayers in it. With dialogue about the Faith, mortal sin, Confession, and the mercy of God. A play that defies all the Broadway traditions and dares to close with its hero kneeling in a Catholic church before a great carved crucifix.

I happen to be a Jesuit, whose job it has often been to preach the Spiritual Exercises. I had never thought to find Loyola's Principle and Foundation talked of in the theater. Yet I have just seen a play that is nothing less than a deeply earnest sermon on the End of Man.

And as for the theme, well, that is more surprising still. I have no idea how it has come about that our foremost American dramatist, hitherto known as pagan and naturalistic in his sympathies, has now turned his sympathies to the spiritual. But, incredible as it sounds, Eugene O'Neill has written a drama on the yearning of the human heart for God. There is an inborn and insistent need in the human soul for its Creator. No sin can smother that yearning; no frenzied flight can escape it; not even the fierce denial of atheism can wholly destroy it. This is his theme. It happens to be the theme of St. Augustine, "Our hearts were made for Thee and cannot rest until they rest in Thee." It is the theme, too, of Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven."

And as if that were not quite enough, the author has given his work an Ignatian title. Human existence is meaningless and futile unless God be recognized as its only true Object. That is what his title implies. Without belief in God our life is without purpose, our days are without an end. Indeed, in the following passage, in which the hero's twin soul, tortured by uncertainties, tries to brazen out to the priest a merely human faith in Courage, there is a definite echo of Loyola's first meditation:

We know we are all the slaves of meaningless chance—electricity or something, which whirls us on. . . . Once we have accepted that without evasion, we can begin to create new goals for ourselves, ends for our days! A new discipline for life will spring into being, a new will and power to live, a new ideal to measure the value of our lives by. . . . We need a new leader who will teach us that ideal, who by his life will exemplify it and make it

a living truth for us—a man who will prove that man's fleeting life in time and space can be noble. . . . A new savior must be born. . . .

FATHER BAIRD: You are forgetting that men have such a Savior, Jack. All they need is to remember Him.

I hope I am not pedantic when I characterize the play as a Drama of Schizophrenia—spiritual schizophrenia. I mean by that a play in which the whole struggle is placed entirely within the hero's soul. Apparently O'Neill believes, somewhat like St. Paul, that there is a dual law in human beings, and hence a dramatic conflict between opposed tendencies—one urging him to Faith and obedience to his Creator, the other to independence and rebellion. In his new drama he has staged this conflict by utilizing a sort of Jekyll and Hyde device: he splits his hero, John Loving, into a double role requiring interpretation by two actors. Thus the first actor, representing the aspiring nature of man or the Seeker, plays the part called John; the second, portraying the Denier or man's proud, evil, and mocking Self, plays the role of Loving. Throughout the course of the action, one character is never on the stage without the other, and the most moving moments of the play are those in which the hero and his alter ego debate good and evil, faith or unbelief, prayer or defiance.

The Theater Guild has assembled a splendid quintet of actors under the direction of Philip Moeller. Earle Larimore, as the protagonist, makes the most of his part and exhibits enormous power, especially at the end of the second act. As the twin part of his soul, in the richly endowed role of the masked rebel, Stanley Ridges almost overshadows him. Selena Royle, who played a similar role of the virtuous wife last year in "When Ladies Meet," and Ilka Chase, memorable for a brilliant small bit in the film version of "Animal Kingdom," contribute enormously in making this strange play seem human and credible. Robert Loraine, as the priest, turns in an adequate performance of what is probably the most difficult part in the play. (Published by Random House; \$2.50).

It is to be noted that O'Neill describes his work as a modern miracle. Now the old miracle plays did not waste much time in establishing motives—why Judas was avaricious, for example, or why Adam disobeyed. They took the motives for granted and went on to show its tragic workings into sin. O'Neill's play is a morality on pride, and similarly, he devotes small effort to explaining the genesis of that pride in his character. Instead, he goes on in his plot to show its results. But the remarkable thing is that his idea of pride is medieval. It is not our modern concept in which pride is mere self-complacency or egotism, but the ancient Catholic concept in which pride is the primal and terrible sin. To the mind of the middle ages pride meant a declaration of independence from God, a refusal to submit to Him. It was the sin of Lucifer and the angels—a fierce hatred of God that burst out

into a war against Him. And in man this pride and hatred lead to two contradictory things—a denial of God's existence and a passionate effort to destroy Him.

Now the God whom O'Neill's hero hates and denies (and in this he is symbolic of our modern world) is God as Catholics have been taught to know Him. He is a God of infinite Love, Goodness, and Happiness. He has manifested that Goodness by creating human life. And his Divine Love and Happiness He has allowed to be mirrored and symbolized by the human love and happiness of man and woman in marriage.

A man, hating the stars but unable to reach them, might smash the mirror that reflected their image. And so in this "baffling" and "mystic" drama O'Neill makes his hero strike at the God he hates by seeking to destroy three things: the life, love, and happiness that are the finite reflections of His Divine Essence. Perhaps it was too much to expect the critics to understand this. But it is the idea that alone gives unity, motivation, and significance to an otherwise incomprehensible story.

The hero hates God—how can he manifest that hatred? Why, by sin—by deliberate sin, done not in weakness or passion but in cold defiance. Hating the Divine Happiness and Love, he hates their earthly symbol; hence his adultery, a crime against marital happiness and a sin against the Sacramental sign of infinite Love. Hating God's Goodness, too, he hates God's good gift of life; hence his dark attempt at murder and his own drawing towards suicide, a crime that is at once a rebellion against the Master of Life and a defiant denial of His very Existence.

These are the sins of the damned half of John Loving's soul. Nevertheless the pivotal character of the play is his better self—tortured in its need for belief and prayer, overwhelmed with remorse for sin, pursued by the insistent feet of the Hound of Heaven. I cannot here give space to the plot. It is the story of the Prodigal—not of his feasting and rioting, but of his repentance and return. It follows Chateaubriand's touching formula, "I have wept and I have believed." And it climaxes, as I have said, in a deeply stirring scene before the figure of Christ upon the cross (it must be remembered that John and Loving are the two halves of the same person, the roles being played by different actors):

JOHN: O Son of Man . . . why hast Thou forsaken me? O Brother Who lived and loved and suffered and died with us, Who knoweth the tortured hearts of men, canst Thou not forgive—now—when I have surrendered all . . . forgiven Thee. . . .

LOVING: No! Liar! I will never forgive!

JOHN: Ah, I forgive! I am forgiven! . . . I can believe!

LOVING: No! I deny! I defy Thee! Thou canst not conquer me! I hate Thee! I curse Thee!

JOHN: No! I bless! I love! I have always loved!

LOVING: No!

JOHN: Yes! I see now! At last I see! O Lord of Love, forgive Thy poor blind fool!

LOVING: No!

JOHN: Thou art the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Thou art the Resurrection and the Life, and he that believeth in Thy love, his love shall never die!

LOVING: (at last surrendering, addressing the cross) Thou hast

conquered, Lord. Thou art—the End. (*He slumps to the floor, dead*). . . .

JOHN LOVING: Listen! Do you hear?

FATHER BAIRD: Hear what, Jack?

JOHN LOVING: Life laughs with God's love again. Life laughs with God's love.

(*Final curtain*)

That last line, by the way, is remarkable in that it recapitulates the entire drama and sums up the whole plot. The man who denied God pronounces His name in prayer. He who struck at God through life, love, and happiness—the finite reflections of His Being—has found them again.

Speaking strictly as a theologian, I could probably find a number of things to carp about in "Days Without End." And a Spanish Inquisition would almost certainly condemn certain statements in the dialogue. But the Catholic public will gladly overlook these things, and when the play opens this week on Broadway after its preliminary run in Boston, they will give it a tremendous and warm-hearted welcome. For here they have the vastly encouraging phenomenon of our most-respected American playwright headed at last towards the light.

I dare not suggest that "Days Without End" is semi-autobiographical or that it is in part the diary of the author's own mind. I know little of Eugene O'Neill's past history, nothing whatever of his private doubts, searchings, or spiritual discoveries. But what is one to make of the following passage, authored by the man who once wrote, in "Dynamo," of the fruitless search for a new God? Father Baird is retailing the hero's search for a faith:

First it was Atheism unadorned. Then it was Atheism wedded to Socialism. But Socialism proved too weakkneed a mate, and the next I heard Atheism was living in free love with Anarchism, with a curse by Nietzsche to bless the union. And then came the Bolshevik dawn, and he greeted that with unholy howls of glee and wrote me he'd found a congenial home at last in the bosom of Karl Marx. He was particularly delighted when he thought they'd abolished love and marriage, and he couldn't contain himself when the news came they'd turned naughty schoolboys and were throwing spitballs at Almighty God and had supplanted Him with the slave-owning State—the most grotesque god that ever came out of Asia. . . . And what do you think was his next hiding place? Religion, no less—but as far away as he could run from home—in the defeatist mysticism of the East. First it was China and Lao Tze that fascinated him, but afterwards he ran on to Buddha. . . . But next . . . he was running through Greek philosophy and found a brief shelter in Pythagoras and numerology. Then came a letter which revealed him bogged down in evolutionary scientific truth again—a dyed-in-the-wool mechanist. . . .

Catholics who suspect that passage to be autobiographical can hardly help applying to Eugene O'Neill himself the touching words that he has put next on the lips of Father Baird:

Ah, well, it's a rocky road, full of twists and blind alleys, isn't it, Jack—this running away from truth in order to find it? I mean, until the road finally turns back toward home.

And those who see a portent in these words will not be discouraged by Loving's cynical reply: "But, of course, you would read that into it."

For after all, it happened that Father Baird read the truth.

The Workings of Receivership

FLOYD ANDERSON

AT the present time, four large railroads, representing an investment by the public of some \$1,700,000,000, are in the process of bankruptcy or receivership. They are the Missouri Pacific, the Rock Island, the Wabash, and the St. Louis-San Francisco.

These four roads operate over 29,000 miles of track through important agricultural and industrial areas of the United States. And these receiverships and reorganizations appear to be headed along the road traveled by so many corporations, guided by the skilful hands of Wall Street bankers. And, because of the prominence of these four railroads, it might be well to consider the workings of receivership—particularly those receiverships as worked by investment bankers.

Organization to receivership to reorganization—that is the triple play of the financial world. And this triple play, unlike that of baseball, receives little attention. There are probably various reasons for this. One may be that the process involves, usually, a period of several years, and the connection is not clearly seen. And perhaps it is because financiers (notwithstanding Mr. Morgan and the midget) are averse to having the bright spotlight of public opinion shine on them. In the financial world there is a distinct reluctance to reveal any of the methods employed. This is evidenced, if evidence is necessary, by the difficulty the Senate investigating committee has had in securing information from the bankers. Of course, they are really not bankers, but security salesmen. Promoters, not bankers, would be a more descriptive word for them.

And in this business of organization to receivership to reorganization, care is taken that the financial firm makes liberal collections. In the organization, that collection is usually in the form of stock and often a share of the bonds which are marketed. These, of course, are promptly sold. The promoters, at any rate, are not to be caught holding the bag.

It is very difficult to find exact figures on the profits that bankers make when one of their corporate children goes into receivership. That their fees are large, however, is well known. For instance, the bankers of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad became (or rather assumed the position of) reorganization managers, and in the process of reorganization received over a million dollars for their troubles. In fact, Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and the National City Company received \$1,044,000 out of the receivership and reorganization.

The real prize in the reorganization is the control of the company in receivership. After the reorganization of the St. Paul railroad, Kuhn, Loeb & Co. effectively controlled the company. The officers of the company were subject to the authority of the executive committee. There were seven members on this committee, and six of them had either been connected in some way with Kuhn, Loeb & Co. or were under some obligation to them. The executive committee, in turn, was subject to

the authority of the board of directors, of which it was a part. There were fourteen members on this board, and of the remaining seven (apart from the executive committee) four were likewise obligated to Kuhn, Loeb & Co. or noted as being thoroughly in accord with their policies.

This St. Paul receivership is said to be the biggest in American financial history. John T. Flynn devoted a considerable portion of his "Graft in Business," published in 1931, to the subject. It has remained, however, for Max Lowenthal to present the story more thoroughly in "The Investor Pays," recently published. Mr. Lowenthal, incidentally, is now associated with the Attorney General of the United States in the investigation of Federal receivership scandals.

Kuhn, Loeb & Co. had handled the financial business of the St. Paul railroad alone from 1880 to 1909, when it began to share the business with the National City Bank. The position of the National City in this financing was a peculiar one. Of the thirteen men on the St. Paul board of directors, Mr. Lowenthal states that "five were directors or officers of the bank, a sixth was given a participation in the financing deal, and two others had been made directors at the desire of Mr. William Rockefeller." And when one recalls the Interstate Commerce Commission's comment that "while Kuhn, Loeb & Co. seem to have done most of the work in connection with the transaction, the bankers' share of the profits was divided evenly between them and the National City Company [investment affiliate of the National City Bank]," a serious question arises as to what was the real reason for sharing the profits.

The Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul railroad, at the turn of the century, had been one of the first-rate roads in the country, with an enviable financial position. In 1901, it had a surplus of \$17,000,000, and everyone thought that the road "had a great future, if only it would exert itself to defend that future." And in the process of exerting itself to protect that future, the St. Paul in 1905 decided to build from the Missouri River to the Pacific Coast, and the new line was completed in 1909. And then the road proceeded to the construction of feeder lines to this extension, and the electrification of the Rocky Mountain, the Missoula, and the Coast divisions of it, with a total mileage of 648 miles.

But that ill-fated decision to build to the Pacific Coast wrecked the road. The extension failed to earn anything near a sufficient return to help the company carry the burden incurred in its construction. No adequate engineering or traffic surveys were made, and the Interstate Commerce Commission found that everything indicated that the project was the result of rivalry between powerful groups. And this rivalry was the main cause of throwing into a receivership a railroad with 11,000 miles of trackage, and over 40,000 bond and share holders.

Originally, there were four interests with large holdings in the road. These were the Harkness family, which retained their holdings; and the George B. Smith estate, Armour, and William and Percy Rockefeller, who sold the greater part of their shares. The directors representing them had almost no stock. The investing public did not know this, and even up to the receivership the Harkness representative on the board of directors did not know that the Rockefellers had disposed of their St. Paul stock.

The immediate cause of the receivership was the default on \$47,000,000 of bonds. The Board of Directors met on March 17, 1925, to take the final step and to prepare the announcement to the public. Meanwhile, and before the meeting, before the directors had actually and officially decided upon receivership, the counsel of the banking firm had prepared legal papers and other legal machinery for the process of receivership. One man had been approached by Mr. Hanauer of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. as to whether he would be willing to serve as one of the receivers. Mr. Hanauer had also picked a man for chairman of the bondholders' committee. And he had selected the most important members and had taken steps to designate who should fill the all-important post of counsel to the bondholders' committee.

This latter point is an important one. In reorganizations, the members of the various "protective" committees are usually inexperienced in such matters. They naturally tend to lean upon the committee's lawyers, who often are experienced in receiverships. The committees tend to leave most matters to the lawyers, who are willing to assume the burden because of the high fees they will secure. In this case, it happened that the attorneys for the bondholders' committee were the attorneys for the National City Bank, whose investment affiliate was associated with Kuhn, Loeb & Co. in handling the railroad's financing.

The bankers also practically picked out a favorable judge to handle the receivership petition. They got in touch with the man they had tentatively selected, and sounded him out as to whether he would be agreeable to certain people as receivers. If he had dissented, they could easily have picked another judge in the same city, or gone to another city for their judge.

One of the receivers was the president of the railroad. That is another pertinent point about receivers. Often the president of the company in receivership is chosen as one of the receivers. Of course, he is familiar with the business; but it seems peculiar that the man in charge when the company went into receivership should be picked as competent to run it and to reconstruct it. The second receiver was practically picked by the bankers, and the third was appointed personally by the judge. This third man had various interests that absorbed considerable of his time, and he did not devote much attention to this new problem.

The bankers were thus effectively in charge of the property. The president of the company had been chosen by them previously, the second receiver was indebted to

them for his position, and the third did not have much time to devote to the St. Paul receivership.

But the bankers extended this control. They were the reorganization managers, and as such were likely to control a substantial proportion of the bonds and stocks of the security holders, and under the reorganization plan they had drawn up, they would become the legal owners of the securities. Thus they would be in a position to argue that the fees were being paid out of the assets they controlled. They could then be able to oppose payment of fees to lawyers and receivers who had disagreed with the bankers, and perhaps reduce them. And those who concurred with the bankers would probably get along with a minimum of difficulty. In other words, as Mr. Wiggin expressed it to Mr. Pecora at a hearing before the Senate investigating committee, they all sat together.

The agreement of reorganization, incidentally, was an amazing document. Under it the bankers were given, as reorganization managers, the broadest possible powers. They had the absolute discretion to determine any and all questions in reference to reorganization, financing, policy, and control. They could keep out of the reorganization any class of security holders they might wish to exclude. They could abandon the plan entirely if they so desired. In fact, they seemed to have "uncontrolled discretion" in every direction and for any possibility which they or their lawyers could foresee.

It is interesting to square the actions of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. in this receivership with the public statement by Otto H. Kahn, one of the partners of that firm, before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee. At that time he said:

In our case it has long been our policy to get our clients, not by chasing after them, not by praising our own wares, but by an attempt to establish a reputation which would make clients feel that, if they have a problem of a financial nature, "Dr. Kuhn, Loeb & Company" is a pretty good doctor to go to.

It is unfortunate for the St. Paul railroad that it did not follow what is said to be an old Chinese custom—that of paying the doctor only when one is well, and charging the doctor when one is ill. It would have saved the railroad, and its 40,000 security holders, a great amount of money.

SONG OF THE MAGI

Star of the Desert, that shines for me
And guides me on my way;
I gaze on you in ecstasy
And marvel at your ray
That shines so clear and heavenly bright
To light the traveler's way
Throughout the long, celestial night
And fade away at day.

O heavenly Orb, up in the sky,
That glows across this waste,
Where souls may live and souls may die
But never a one make haste;
Please rest your beauteous light on me
That I may find the way
To Him who is born King of the Jews
In Israel, far away.

HAROLD R. OHLEYER.

Cures—What They Mean

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

IN his column in the *New York Sun* some time ago, Bob Davis told the story of a physician up in a little Canadian town to whom patients are crowding by the hundred. He has been curing a great many patients of ills from which they have been suffering sometimes for months, at times even for years. Not a few of them have made the rounds of doctors in vain, so it is no wonder people are wearing a path to his door. His practice is so large that the effect on the little town has been that of striking oil or a mining boom. Shops, restaurants, cafes, news and post-card stands, fruit stores, gas stations, barber shops, and the like, are in the process of construction or already open for business. Hundreds of automobiles and any number of horse-drawn carriages are parked on the streets showing that city and country people are both engaged in this pilgrimage for health.

Considerably more than one-half of the people one meets in the little town are suffering from some form of ailment of more or less crippling character, and they all hope to be cured by the touch of this new medical wonder who has already helped so many patients. Cured patients bring other patients to physicians, and the number who came lame and halt and crippled in various ways and have gone away proclaiming themselves cured is the most effective invitation for other patients.

Mr. Davis lists the cases that are cured under the heading of "rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, synovitis, and kindred complaints." All these except synovitis are quite familiar to everybody. The old standbys, rheumatism, sciatica, and lumbago, represent the lameness of mankind. These diseases have been cured down the ages by everything under the sun and a few other things besides. Some years ago I wrote a book on "Cures: The Funny Things That Cure Mankind." It was mainly concerned with methods of treatment which cured rheumatism, lumbago, and sciatica for a while and then after a time would not cure anything.

When the first step forward in modern electricity was made by the invention of the Leyden jar (it was made by a priest by the way—Canon Kleist), that electrical contrivance was carried around Europe and cured any number of people suffering from lame back, lame shoulders, lame legs, from rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica. Good Canon Kleist had nothing to do with that. He was interested in electrical science. A great many regular physicians used it, however, and any number of quacks and charlatans of all kinds made money curing people with it. But, alas, after a while the Leyden jar would not cure anybody of anything any more. Somehow it lost its efficacy just in proportion as it lost its novelty.

The next advance in electricity was the invention of the frictional electrical machine by Father Gordon, a Benedictine of Nuremberg. With that you could fill a man so full of electricity if he stood on a glass plate that wherever you touched him sparks would come. These

sparks were supposed to carry diseases out with them. The popular notion has always been that disease is something separate from the body and that the *materies morbi*, the active agent of the disease, can be removed in one way or another from the system. But disease is the system itself working while out of order. The old-fashioned use of purgatives and bleedings and cuppings with the idea that these carried the disease out is a contradiction of modern pathology. Franklin demonstrated that lightning and electricity were the same thing, and then people became persuaded that electricity was a heaven-sent force given to man for the purpose of healing a great many of the ills and especially the crippling ills of mankind.

Alas for the hopes of mankind, the electrical machine as a curative measure went out of vogue just as the Leyden jar had gone out a dozen years before. But something came to replace it—the magnet. The professor of astronomy at Vienna demonstrated the curative effect of the magnet on one of his assistants suffering from lumbago. The news spread all over and it was not long before the roads to Vienna were crowded with people suffering from lameness and disability, lumbago, sciatica, rheumatism, because the magnets were curing them. The magnets were shaped like the different organs—a heart-shaped magnet for the heart, a liver-shaped magnet for the liver, kidney-shaped magnets for the kidneys, ear-shaped magnets for the ears, and so on. The magnets cured many thousands of people not only in Vienna, which at that time had the greatest medical school in the world, but in many other places throughout Europe. Magnets have no effect on human tissues, but neither has the Leyden jar or the electrical machine, but each in turn cured ever so many patients, and especially sufferers from our old friends, lumbago, sciatica, rheumatism, lame back, lame shoulders, lame legs, crippings of various kinds.

Mesmer saw the use of the magnets while he was a medical student at Vienna just about the time of our Declaration of Independence. He invented a combination of magnetism and electricity, so he said, with which he cured an immense number of people. The French Government offered him a large sum of money for his secret. They wanted it used gratis for the benefit of the poor. Mesmer refused to sell it, so the Government appointed a commission of investigation. At the head of that commission was our own Benjamin Franklin, then Colonial Minister to France. With him were associated Lavoisier, the father of chemistry, and Bailly, the mathematician and physicist. You could not get a better commission at the present time. After three months of investigation they declared that Mesmer was curing people without using any physical force of any kind. The patients were getting better because of the effect produced on their minds. The French Government refused to let him go

on and there came near being a revolution in Paris. Mesmer was healing people by the hundreds! How dare the Government interfere? The Government was firm and Mesmer retired to the island of Jersey, leaving a name forever famous in the history of medicine. What he cured were, as always, our old friends, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, lame back, lame shoulders, lame legs, always the same list.

But all this occurred a century and a half ago when we were without those palladiums of our liberty, the daily newspapers, and when we did not have compulsory education to enlighten the masses. People were much more easily fooled then than they are at the present time. They were more susceptible to suggestion, to employ the modern scientific phrase instead of that horrid old-fashioned one about being fooled. Such results would not be possible in our time, it would be said, because now all is so different from what it was before in what concerns the development of the intelligence of the people. If there is anybody who seriously thinks this way, I might remind him of a man named Coué who was with us since the War. I know M. Coué very well. He was just a druggist in Nancy, France, where Bernheim and Liebeault with their revival of hypnotism had made people especially suggestible in connection with anything that came from Nancy.

Coué confessed that he knew nothing of medicine except what any druggist might know and he knew still less of psychology, which was rather easy to see, but people suffering from disabilities began to come to him and it was not long before they came by the thousands because he cured so many. There was one invariable element of his treatment. This was that the patients should say to themselves over and over again, "Every day in every way I am feeling better and better." The first thing in the morning when you awoke you were to say to yourself, "Every day in every way I am feeling better and better." Coué gave his patients a string with twenty knots on it to be used like a rosary, and on each knot you were to say, "Every day in every way I am feeling better and better."

But surely the mere saying of a formula like that would not cure people, and especially not of lameness, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism,—such very physical affections—but *contra factum non valet argumentum*, "against fact no argument prevails." Something like 12,000 people a year came to Coué; more than half of them proclaimed that they were cured of all sorts of ills. One-half of the remainder declared that they were benefited. One-fourth of those who came went away disappointed. They were the ones who, according to a great French physician, had something really the matter with them—that is, a physical ailment. The most surprising thing about Coué's clinic was the number of cripples that were cured by his methods.

With this for a background it is easier to understand what is happening up in that little town in Canada. It does not matter what the doctor is doing to them, he is curing many of them. He is said to be curing them by

giving a "twist" to their feet. Anything else would do just as well. A man here in New York some years ago cured a lot of these people by special shoes. Our good friends, the osteopaths and chiropractors, cure them by adjustments. The Canadian doctor is doing just what Elisha Perkins did with his tractors a hundred and more years ago, curing lumbago, etc.—here repeat the list.

Mr. Davis suggests that this is "the Canadian Lourdes," but if he were to go down to the real Lourdes he would see something very different from this. Nearly three out of four of the cures at Lourdes are tuberculous cases, and not a tenth of those who go to Lourdes are cured or anything like it, but only an occasional one out of the crowd of those who come. Our good friends, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, are not among the cures certified to by the medical bureau of the clinic of Lourdes which sees the patients before and after the cure takes place. Cures by suggestion are carefully excluded. People are still suggesting themselves into ills. When they do so they can only be cured by a contrary suggestion, but oh! there are such a lot of them.

Ministers Without Portfolios

JAMES WILLIAM FITZPATRICK

CONTRARY to a common impression, the recent conversations in Washington which led up to the resumption of formal diplomatic relations between the United States and the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics were not the first pourparlers on the subject. There was a meeting some six years ago in Moscow which had for its purpose the same end as the Washington affair. On that occasion the U. S. S. R. was represented by the then head of its Foreign Office, George V. Chicherin, and the U. S. A. by a group of volunteer fixers who had no official standing abroad and no governmental status at home.

They were a traveling troupe of "outstanding labor leaders" making a first hand study of conditions in Soviet Russia and they were accompanied by a camp following of economists, educators, sociologists, and gate crashers. All were experts in their line. For the Chicherin interview the troupe was limited to ten members: a plumber, a miner (soft coal), a printer, an editor, a university professor, a Gentleman of Means, a secretary (female), a wife (ditto), an unemployed actor, and a lawyer interested in toe dancing and public bathing (the former on behalf of his sister-in-law and the latter on behalf of himself). Everyone in the party had a brief case bloated with documents but there was not a portfolio among the lot and everyone knows that a minister at an international conference who is without portfolio is like the leader of a firemen's ball who has forgotten his trousers. He may mean well but all he gets is unpleasant attention and a hurried exit. Which is precisely what happened to the volunteer fixers in Moscow.

M. Litvinov may have thought that he was "in a spot" when he got to the White House and discovered that his Berlin wisecrack about settling the Russian-American impasse in half an hour was not considered so very funny

over here, but if he did think so he does not know his spots. He was an accredited minister and he had a portfolio, while the "outstanding labor leaders" were in a spot as was a spot from the outset.

In the first place they were ex-leaders and they were playing hookey from the American Federation of Labor, which had for years banned any junket to the Workers Paradise and promised excommunication from the ranks of organized labor to any junketeer who defied the ban. Moreover their style was cramped by the attendant experts. No labor leader can hope to outstand when he is loaded with outstanding experts who also wish to outstand. At the Moscow conversation Comrade Chicherin was unattended except for a brother Bolshie, a former house painter, who had been furnished to the American delegation as guide, counsellor, and steerer by the All Russian Red Trade Unions, their hosts. During the interview the house painter sat in a corner with his hat on, smoking endless cigarettes, and obviously bored by the whole business.

The visiting emissaries of good will were additionally handicapped by reason of the fatigue they had acquired during the hours preceding the talk. They had spent the morning inspecting a galoshes factory (it was mid-August and boiling hot), had escaped from a burning automobile, been fed a huge luncheon, and had whiled away the afternoon by taking a long, dusty ride out into the country to visit a worker's "rest" camp where they made speeches, sang the "Internationale" until hoarse, and had consumed a bountiful dinner. Just before they were to re-embark for another long, dusty ride back to Moscow and the momentous interview with Comrade George, an unpleasant incident had upset their ambassadorial equanimity.

When it came time to depart it was discovered by the editor, who had the troupe on leash, that two of the conferees were missing. One was an expert economist and the other was the lawyer interested in toe dancing and public bathing. The latter, when finally rounded up, admitted that he had been studying one of his specialties by taking a swim in the nearby river but could give no encouraging news of the expert economist whom he had last observed instructing a crowd of Young Pioneers in the noble art of throwing what is vulgarly known to Young America as "belly floppers."

So it happened that minus one expert economist and very dirty indeed the ministers without portfolios were dumped out at the Foreign Office after ten o'clock at night, three hours late for the interview. The big room where the meeting took place was quite bare of decoration but altogether business like. There was a long, board-of-directors table flanked by straight-backed chairs and a deep, inviting divan which the Bolshie steerer promptly pre-empted.

Comrade Chicherin was his impregnably urbane, unperturbed self. At the moment he was already on his way out of the world picture into the official obscurity which has since swallowed him and from which his successor, M. Litvinov, has so dramatically emerged. There was no

sign of the ill health (that inevitable preliminary to the setting of a statesman's sun) which has since been given as the reason for his retirement. He was just a blasé, dumpy, elderly diplomat whose unimpressive face was lighted by a pair of incredibly brilliant eyes and whose birdlike falsetto chirp lent an air of incongruous comedy to the conversation.

"Mr. William Green was not pleased that you came?" he piped in his faultless English. The allusion to the president of the A. F. of L. was to apprise the labor leaders that he knew they were truants who were in for a birching when they returned to America and to inform the camp followers that he was aware that they were no more members of the worker class than he himself was. "Please tell me why we are so unpopular in your country?" he begged after a pause to let his opening salute sink in.

"I'll tell you," answered the plumber promptly. The editor, the Gentleman of Means, the professor, and the lawyer interested in toe dancing and public bathing, might be impressed by a prime minister but not the plumber. He was a quondam business agent used to battling bosses and recalcitrant union brethren, and he was moreover an outspoken honest man. "Wall Street is partly responsible and the capitalist press is also. But the worst knock you people have got is from your Communists who come over to the U. S. and try to tear down everything the trade-union movement there has built up. You keep them in order and you'll be doing something for yourselves. Keep their fingers out of our affairs. They're the birds who are making it tough for you."

Now I was not behind a door in the White House when M. Litvinov was holding forth but I have a suspicion that his answers to the objections put to him were just the same as were Comrade George's to the volunteer fixers. "But we have nothing to do with that," he explained. "The Third International and the U. S. S. R. are not the same thing. We have no control over it."

"Well, we think at home that your government is just the holding company for it," broke in the secretary to the Gentleman of Means. "We think—"

"There are your debts to us," interrupted her boss. This was not the first time the lady had exercised her feminine prerogative of thinking out of turn. "What about the American property you have confiscated?"

"All be settled by arbitration," airily interjected the editor. "Arbitration is the answer. All that has to be done is to sit down around the table and talk it out."

"Bah," snorted the plumber, the printer, and the miner. They had from past experience no confidence whatever in any kind of arbitration about any thing.

"That is impossible," agreed Comrade George. "What about the debts you owe us as a result of the American occupation of Siberia? Are we to remain enemies because someone lost a cow and someone else lost a mine or a factory? We cannot arbitrate such things with you because if we do that with you we will have to do the same with every other nation which says we owe it something."

"Yes, arbitration is the way out," rambled on the editor

who was deaf to any objection against his pet theory of getting around a table and settling issues by talk. "We'll just get a neutral third party and it will be simple."

Comrade Chicherin studied him with the intentness of a sparrow looking at a strange bug. "There is no neutral third party where we are concerned," he complained plaintively, and sighed. Then for the first and only time during the interview a flicker of humor stole into his beady eyes. "If the Third International were to be the third party to the negotiations we of course might not object," he conceded gently.

"You want to know why you're disliked in America?" barked the unemployed actor from his end of the table. Comrade George lifted a startled eyebrow at the tone. "Well, I'll tell you. It's because we believe your government is thoroughly undependable, that you'll promise anything to get what you want, and then run out on your word when it's to your advantage. We know the trouble England has had since she recognized you, we've heard about the Zinoviev letter and the Arcos raid, and the money put into the country to help out the general strike." He paused for breath. The plumber and the miner sat erect. They did not agree with the speaker but at least he was starting a good, old fashioned verbal dogfight and that was better than nothing. But the Gentleman of Means, the editor, the professor, the wife and the female secretary were visibly upset. Comrade George was a prime minister and one did not bark at prime ministers as if they were nobodies. At least not at one who had probably crawled out of bed to help you restore diplomatic relations between two great nations.

"No one believes the Zinoviev letter was anything but a clumsy forgery," retorted Comrade George with some spirit. "As for money and the general strike I know nothing. And as for the Arcos raid, if we had the money to pay for the translations and you had the time to study them we could show you proof that instead of us plotting the downfall of England things were the other way round."

"Yah," snarled the actor, "that's just what the English say about you."

"But surely you are familiar with the tactics of perfidious Albion," protested Comrade George.

"Him?" exploded the plumber. "Why, he's as Irish as Paddy's pig!"

And with this spike driven into his biggest gun it was not strange that Comrade George shortly after called it a day and bowed the interviewers out.

"Well, you certainly kicked the applecart over," complained the editor on the way back to the hotel, "just when I had brought him around to agree to arbitration. You've killed recognition for another ten years."

"He's nuts," retorted the unabashed actor. "Telling me about perfidious Albion."

"Let the boy alone," the plumber advised the downcast editor. "He may have killed recognition but he saved the prime minister's life. If he'd a cut loose on what the Black and Tans did at Balbriggan old George would have been as stiff as Lenin by morning."

Education

Graduate Red Tape

R. W. HAHN

IT is not my intention to belittle the traditional proceedings practised by graduate schools. All are splendid institutions, turning out scholars in nearly every branch of human endeavor. Nevertheless, four years of experience in the graduate school has taught me that there are regulations, proceedings, as it were, connected with the pursuit of advanced learning that are extremely irritating, and it is concerning such methods that I shall speak. It will be necessary, however, to limit the discussion to only a few incidents. The topic has so many ramifications, beginning with the date of applicancy until the degree has been conferred, that a book would be required to sketch them in mere outline.

A letter stating my intentions, and containing a record of my college credits, having been forwarded to the university in December, 1928, I was shortly notified that the university board of graduate studies would consider at its next session my fitness for advanced work. Whatever the implication may have been, such information was a source of poignant discouragement to one whose college record carried with it the distinction *magna cum laude*. Let the reader, therefore, who will, question the presence of rare opportunities for exercising genuine humility. Three weeks passed. Then came a congratulatory statement, in which it was urged that I be grateful for my acceptance. It was only after long deliberation that the decision had been reached. Now if the first notice made me feel my position among the imbeciles, then the second only tended to verify the facts. Perhaps it was those three weeks of prolonged resignation that made me accept the decision so gracefully.

Matriculation was soon in progress. After conferring with several deans and the heads of various departments, there was but one thing to do. I must select a major, and one or more minor subjects, in order to be a classified student at the institution, although I had made it clear at each step of the way that I had come with no intention of specializing, but, rather, to extend my liberal education for several years, before confining my study to any particular branch of learning.

I think that the insistence of deans and the heads of departments about specializing would have caused all my plans to go overboard had it not been for the fact that the time remaining would not permit me to register elsewhere. Then, too, I had no reason to believe that any other graduate school would be one bit more suited to a student's desire for intellectual expansion without majorizing and minorizing.

There was something satisfying about the fact that I was registered properly, and according to all regulations, before classes began. This was an achievement peculiarly my own, I believe, as most all the other students were milling about, not knowing where they were going, or what they were going to do next. But the students, no

doubt, were not wholly at fault, their plight of affairs being the inevitable outcome of numerous attending circumstances.

Some twelve or fourteen days previous to registration, graduate students were notified to hand to the dean a list of the courses they desired to take the coming semester. There was no special difficulty about that, though I had never learned the significance of such a regulation. Most of the students passed through that first stage of registration unscathed. Within another six days we were presented with a number of beautiful little robin's-egg colored study-list cards. This preliminary registration, as it is called, extended over a period of four days, the time being none too adequate, especially in view of blanks to be filled, questions to be answered, signatures to be obtained, professors to be located, credits to be submitted for inspection all along the line, heads of departments to be consulted, etc., etc., etc. I retired at the end of the fourth day, thanking my guardian angel for assisting me so generously on that journey. I needed him badly.

Final registration consisted of signing more cards, answering more questions, getting more signatures, locating professors for final approval of courses, submitting credits for last inspection, conferring with advisers, getting last signatures of heads of departments, signing of class cards, filing of study list cards, etc., etc., etc. I would have the reader know that during this extended process of registration, I carried with me, under special cover, four large separate application blanks received from the university board of graduate studies. All were to be properly signed by various advisers and heads of major and minor departments, as a requisite for becoming, not a candidate, but that much lesser thing, an applicant for a degree.

Believe it or not, there was something novel about that sort of registration. I felt as though the index finger had been driven back into the elbow, so to speak, from placing my signature on dotted lines, and answering questions correctly. In short, I concluded that another generation would be finding graduate students accompanied on their journey of registration by private secretaries and expert advisers, for the sake of lessening personal responsibility in the matter of seeing that registration is accomplished *de luxe* fashion. We must have style and finish, as well as method.

It was not until succeeding semesters arrived that I began to realize how gloriously I had fared in that first registration. Each semester had just a bit more red tape to offer than the preceeding. I think it would be interesting to have a complete set of all the cards and blanks and papers I filled out during those four years. I think it would be far more interesting to have the walls of my private study papered with them. There would then be room for frequent reflection and contemplation, ranging from an occasional height of sublimity to the nadir of positive folly.

But the story is not yet told. I have been treating only with registration properly so-called. Such vital problems

as advancement to candidacy for the doctorate, the outline and abstract of thesis, final notice to candidate, refereeing of thesis, university lecture requirements, modern language requirements, etc., have been left out of the picture. I think we might represent the procedure of such additional requirements by the description of any one of them, since each involves about the same amount of time and patience.

Three weeks previous to the time scheduled for the modern language examinations, I was given a card containing such leading questions as: "How long have you studied German or French? When? Where? Who directed your work?" Such information, lest I am badly deceived in the matter, was wide of the mark for one who had spoken and read German for some twenty-odd years, so I forwarded notice to the graduate board concerning the fact. As for the French, I jotted down the following: studied French four years at college; continued my study of French at a French university for one year; completed a graduate major in French at the university I now attend. Two weeks later I signed another card to the effect that I would be present for the examinations at the indicated hour, all obstacles to the contrary notwithstanding. The examinations having been taken, I signed yet another card to verify my submission to said inquisitions.

I have always admired deans and directors of graduate schools for demanding a reading knowledge of two modern languages before conferring the Ph.D. degree. But I have never admired them for allowing ninety per cent of such candidates to meet this requirement only after the research of their thesis is completed. The very purpose of the regulation is to serve as a test of the student's ability to handle what are styled, sometimes improperly, research problems.

I am not sure that the "credit," of which we hear so much nowadays from college students, has ever been defined with any degree of accuracy. Perhaps the striving of students after mere "credits" has prevented them from making such a measure of intellectual expansion the problem of scholarly research. Be that as it may, I believe that some "credit" is due graduate students for their active and manly virtue of undergoing our present system of intricate registration. They are heroes, unsung but real.

It is not with registration as such that there seems to be room for legitimate complaint. To suggest a complete or graduated elimination of all registration is no way out of the dilemma, as everyone will agree that some form of enrollment is necessary. Yet the amount of red tape connected with present-day registration in graduate schools does loom large in the eyes of the most reticent fault finders. Perhaps necessity has driven university authorities to the adoption of many procedures not desirable in themselves. But since the duties and activities connected with graduate studies are necessarily so many, would not a course in supervised registration be quite apropos? But perhaps the experience of other graduate students has been different from my particular case.

Sociology

Three Million Free Meals Yearly

EUGENE P. MURPHY, S.J.

FATHER TIM sat watching his "boys." For nearly two years he had taken his station each forenoon in the front room of St. Patrick's Rectory, St. Louis, while the line moved by a few feet away—3,000, 5,000, one day, 13,000 hungry men. He could see them and they could see him, and through the open window in good weather they could talk to each other. Today the great-hearted shepherd of that strange flock was evolving another plan. "Not in bread alone doth man live." For whom do these words of Our Lord have a fuller meaning than for the priest?

A few days later along the defile handbills were passed. Their message was as square as themselves.

ATTENTION
Workingmen!!!
Daily Dinner—12.30 p.m.
Daily Sermon—12.10 to 12.30 p.m.
at
St. Patrick's Church—Sixth and Biddle Sts.
Everyone Welcome
(No Compulsion)

TIMOTHY DEMPSEY, *Pastor.*

There was not the slightest bit of irony in that address. Every unemployed white man and black of the loop that circled the block, met, and doubled back, had a job. He was in reality a working man. Idle and homeless, all had a great occupation right to hand. Despite wretched circumstances, rather by aid of the same, they should be working out their eternal salvation. Did not Benedict Joseph Labre, the vagabond Saint, make a vocation, a heavenly profession, out of destitution?

The spirit of this blessed beggar of Rome seems to vitalize the latest of Father Dempsey's ventures, the daily sermon. Well before noon the poor start filing into the church. Old and young, colored and white (all intermingle here) they fill three-fourths of the pews. Toward the front are a few colored women. Here and there in the congregation are a number of business men, Vincenians, no doubt. Father John P. Markoe, S.J., the preacher, stands midway down the main aisle and tells them of their work in life, the business of salvation. In his direct, forceful way this former West Pointer commands the steady attention of every person present. Combining the Spiritual Exercises and a Mission Course of Apologetics, he breaks each day a new morsel of the Bread of Life and they devour it as avidly as the food at the emergency lunch. Catechism classes have been started. There will be conversions, reclamations, and joy in Heaven soon.

Father Dempsey's emergency lunch is regarded by St. Louisans as a civic institution. It was established November 16, 1931, a challenge to that dread winter that starvation should not prevail. Nearly a million free meals were served during the first year of its operation. In the eleven months from October 1, 1932, to September 1, 1933,

2,621,507 meals were given out. The highest total for any single day was 13,000. The policy of distribution is based on an old-fashioned Catholic one, the pre-Christmas and pre-Easter "until all are heard" plan. Food is dispensed until all are fed, and twice a day any man can take his place again at the end of the line. No one ever goes away hungry.

It is hard to analyze one's feelings, standing there in the large hall of St. Patrick's school beside the endless ranks of men, four abreast as they approach the counter for their huge bowl of meat, vegetables, bread and soup, and then defile to devour it with terrifying avidity. Bitter sadness at the sight of so much misery struggles with a sense of satisfaction in knowing that it can be relieved, at least temporarily. Outside, banked against the walls of the buildings are tons of turnips, carrots, and other vegetables. The merchants of the city are extremely generous. The Sponsoring Committee, composed of prominent, public-spirited men and women of all creeds, raises a substantial operating fund for Father Tim's charities that makes it possible for him to carry on.

"For two years," he will tell you, "there has never been any profanity, drunkenness, or disorder in that line. Do you see that fellow in the cap? Brilliant chap! Used to be a school teacher in Canada. The dark lad—that's Vallente, mostly Mexican. Smith there is a convert, a smart man if there ever was one. A week ago he came in to tell me that the Madonna had cured him of his paralysis. And the fact is, that stiff crippled arm of his is now as limp and good as mine."

Yes, a large statue of Our Lady of Perpetual Help stands against a gaudy blue background in the shrine between the school and the rectory. Its illumination at night contrasts sharply with the dark procession passing by. Who shall say what prayers and thoughts Our Blessed Mother inspires in the hearts of her poor unfortunate sons?

The lunch room is only a recent development. There are other units in this great group of enterprises, older and permanent. A block away, on Seventh Street, is the hostelry for men, which has been operating since October, 1906. The legend over the doorway is typical:

FATHER DEMPSEY'S HOTEL
Never Closed

Three hundred thousand homeless men of every race and creed have found lodging there. A Home for Colored Men, opened some years ago, provides free shelter for 60,000 men a year. In 1911, a Home for Working Women was established. It is located in a better quarter of the city and has a capacity of 150. Last year it offered free accommodations to 3,000 women and girls. A Convalescent Home, capable of caring for twenty-five persons, gives women just discharged from

hospitals an opportunity for proper care until they are able to return to work. The White Cross Crusade is a clearing house for thousands of items of furniture, food, and clothing with undernourished children and poverty-gripped parents as beneficiaries for the past ten years.

No visit to St. Patrick's center is complete unless it includes the Day Nursery. Here 158 children of poor working mothers are cared for each day by the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul. There is a singular appropriateness in the presence of the "Nuns of the Battlefield" on this fighting front which extends from the cradle to the grave. Their white cornettes and blue habits, seen against the background of destitute children, women, and men, brings all the saintly realism of Vincent de Paul into this modern scene. To the grave? Yes, 204 men are buried in Father Dempsey's lot in Calvary cemetery, and there one day the Monsignor hopes to be with them.

It is hard to overestimate the stabilizing influence of these works. The forgotten men who face the bitterness of this third winter, the shop girls who are trying to live on a miserable weekly wage, can tell their story of appreciation. How the community evaluates the work being done is shown in the following editorial comment of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*:

There can be no doubt of the worthiness of the work of Father Dempsey among the poor and needy, and there is every evidence in the records of his work to show that a charity dollar in the hands of this forthright and direct fighter against suffering and discouragement is a dollar grown to its greatest power in alleviating misery. "Father Tim" seems to wield a fairy wand in making money do his bidding in passing housing, food, and material assistance to those who can find it nowhere else.

"Overhead" is a meaningless term when applied to these charities. "Turnover," astonishing in volume, takes its place. "Organization," with all the waste of time and money it involves, yields to "quick, orderly distribution." "Red tape" is held in abomination. If asked what factors assure the success of a relief plan so diversified and far-reaching, I would answer, three; a heart, a hall, and an imagination. Sympathy, shelter, and scheming for the poor of Christ, Pastor Dempsey has all three. From a Catholic point of view the most effective method of combating the dread evils that lie ahead would be to make a nation-wide chain-store, as it were, of Father Tim.

THE CUP OF THE YEARS

That time has drawn us draughts of sun or rain,
The while he watched us drink them to the lees—
Whether a-sparkle with joy, or darkened with pain,
Is of scant moment in life's legacies.
But that we quaffed them freely, and with gain
To store of love and sacrifice and power
Of soul, which is the garnering of years,
So that each night saw one more flawless flower
Take root from our hearts' gladnesses and tears—
This should be sole concern of us each hour.
The cup of years, though filled with gall, is sweet,
When time has proffered it in love's proud name;
Who, thus refreshed, shall fear the grave to meet,
Or look upon death's face with dread or shame!
Who served high love, him love will surely claim.

J. CORSON MILLER.

With Scrip and Staff

IT would be unfair to conceal from the public the fact that the Pilgrim was recently invited to become a member of the American Topographical Association (I am a little hazy as to the name). A typed letter from the headquarters of the association informed me, just before Christmas, hence at the appropriate time for being cheered by such agreeable things, that the Membership Committee was actually extending to me a cordial invitation to become a member of this learned body. All that was further needed was that I should write my name neatly on the enclosed blank; pay \$3 for the annual membership fee, "and there is no initiation charge." And you get 1,750 pictures sent you if you join.

Unfortunately I am debarred from joining, because I am unable to write my name neatly. In early years I was taught Swedish Script, and never got over it. And on no account will I suffer my signature to be counterfeited. But I am consoled by being saved the three dollars. Then I have made the astounding discovery that Dr. Tweezem, the dentist, was also chosen to receive an invitation to become a member of the association, which he accepted; so that I can reserve the enjoyment of its publications for those quiet pauses in the whirlpool of life, when you leave care behind in the Doctor's office, and look forward trustingly to being "next."

But that Membership Committee? Who is it composed of? And how did they think of *me*? I can vision its deliberations: your political record investigated—did you ever vote for Bryan? Are you a follower of Milo Reno? Your morals—did you ever play baccarat, like Edward VII? Your intellectual attainments, such as your proficiency in logarithms; the timbre of your Greek verse. Your professional achievements, particularly have they a bearing on topography? Are you naturally map-minded? What explorations have you taken part in? Did you ever exhibit any of your trophies at Gimbel's? What a questionnaire it must be; particularly when they reach the finer points: your natural good-fellowship; your loyalty to topographical comrades, your unfailing confidence that the world is round. And the final decisive factor: that you passed alone, unaided, through the vast interior of the Great Desert of Rhode Island, and came back to tell the tale. Were Tweezem's name and mine linked? Was *he* a member of the Membership Committee; and did he tell them that my rear molars, left, might shed light upon the geological age of the dinosaur? I shall never know, because I want the three dollars. When I get another one to them, I may subscribe to *AMERICA* for Tweezem's office; and enjoy, in consequence, the contented look upon his patients as they await his ministrations.

THE biggest and liveliest topographical association in this country is that made up of the service men in our Navy. Theirs is practical geography: going there and seeing it, with a purpose. And the membership committee

is the recruiting branch of the U. S. N. What interest, however, do the chief topographers take in the souls of the men entrusted to their command? Do they leave it all to the chaplains, or are they willing to cooperate?

The chaplains ought to be the best witnesses in this matter, since it is up to them to seek the cooperation of the officers and to find it. The Rev. Vincent J. Gorski, Chaplain of the U. S. S. Holland, has a good word to say for the chiefs. Here is what he tells us.

Anchored in San Diego Bay, on the Pacific Coast, were eighty-five naval vessels during the recent holidays, including tugboats, destroyers, mine layers, tenders, submarines, an air-craft carrier, and several cruisers. On only one of these, the submarine tender, U. S. S. Holland, was there a Catholic Chaplain. Father Gorski decided to celebrate a Communion Mass on shore on Christmas Eve, to which every Catholic officer and enlisted man on each ship would receive a personal letter of invitation. It read as follows:

You are cordially invited to receive Holy Communion at a Naval Religious Demonstration at St. Joseph's Church, Third and Beach Streets, San Diego, on Sunday, 24 December, at 0900. Confessions will be heard on Saturday afternoon from 1500 until 1800, and Saturday evening from 1930 until all are heard. For facilitating the hearing of confessions, the staff of St. Joseph's Church will be augmented by extra priests, including two from the Navy—Father Regan of the Naval Training Station and the undersigned. Monsignor J. M. Hegarty, pastor of St. Joseph's Church and widely noted as an orator, will speak Sunday at the Mass. . . .

After Mass there will be a Communion Breakfast for service personnel without charge, at St. Joseph's Hall. This is sponsored by the Holy Name Society of that church. . . .

The chaplain's request that previous to December 12 lists of all Catholic officers and enlisted men be sent him was forwarded by the Senior Officer Present by radio to every ship in the vicinity. The Commanding Officers of the ships, in turn, ordered the lists to be compiled and forwarded to the Catholic Chaplain. Through the regular Navy Guard mail over 3,000 of the letters were sent to Catholic sailors. All honor to the chaplain who was far-sighted enough—as were doubtless many other shepherds of souls—to see the practical advantages that come when Christmas Eve falls on Sunday; and to the big-hearted officers, who were more generous-minded than the secular press; which, when the great Japanese navy officer, Admiral Yamamoto, passed away on December 8 at the age of eighty-one, neglected, in their lengthy obituaries, to mention that he was a Catholic and a convert to the Faith.

SPEAKING of matters topographical, the Pilgrim is glad to remind our teachers that in response to repeated requests all over the world, the University Museum in Philadelphia has just published a cardboard model of a Roman House. Designed on a scale of three-eighths of an inch to a foot, by an experienced architect, it is said to be architecturally and historically accurate in every detail. The cost is \$9.50 and it may be obtained from the University Museum, Thirty-third and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE PILGRIM.

Literature

Mr. Budden, Tiny Tim, and Others

GRACE HEFFERNAN

IT WAS in January, 1834, just 100 years ago, that Mr. Octavius Budden invited to dinner his misanthropic cousin, Mr. Augustus Minns. A quiet family repast, given for the very private purpose of attracting Mr. Minns's favor and extracting Mr. Minns's money, it certainly laid no pretensions to court the notice of the public. But through the efforts of a youthful, then unknown, reporter named Dickens, the public attended the dinner all the same, and enjoyed itself far more than did the guest of honor. So great, in fact, was the popularity of this simple evening meal in Poplar Walk that for nearly thirty years thereafter Dickens devoted hours of his time, folios of his paper, and chapters of his novels to the depicting of similar convivial scenes.

From that day to this readers of all classes on two continents have for a round century enjoyed his meals for two and his meals for many, his meals in banquet halls and his meals in barges. Through all these years have they pulled up their chairs to the well-laden tables of "Nicholas Nickleby," "Pickwick Papers," "Our Mutual Friend," and the other stories of the lives of ordinary people like themselves. And perennially do they fill their glasses to join the Cratchits in the most famous Christmas dinner of all time and repeat with Tiny Tim his celebrated blessing.

It is to be doubted whether in January, 1834, the creator of Mr. Budden and Mr. Minns, "a trembling youth of twenty-one who had stealthily slipped his first original piece of writing into a dark letter box in a dark office up a dark court in Fleet Street," had any conscious conception of the opportunity for revealing character offered him by this dinner-table scene. Far more probably, to him as to us, the meal hour constituted a very essential part of the day, and, therefore, was hardly an hour to ignore in building up the lives of commonplace folk who not only enjoyed but needed their "vittles." The fact remains, however, that just as the adage states that the best way to know a man is to live with him, so in the books of Dickens the best way to live with the characters is to eat with them; and somewhere in every story you will walk into the dining room. Witness, for example, Mr. Pickwick during his first meal at the Bull Inn. Little do you suspect, as you watch him grow drowsy over his wine, that he will later be sued for breach of promise by the scheming Mrs. Bardell and her very modern lawyers, Messrs. Dodson and Fogg. Ah no, this simple-hearted gentleman could never be guilty of intrigue or fickleness. But his one real weakness you recognize at once; nor do you start with surprise later in the book at the following statement describing his appearance late one night at Dingley Dell:

Mr. Pickwick, with his hands in his pockets and his hat cocked completely over his left eye, was leaning against the dresser, shaking his head from side to side, and producing a constant succession

of the blandest and most benevolent smiles without being moved thereunto by any discernible cause or pretense whatsoever—

A state which he, like Mr. Snodgrass, blamed on the "salmon."

In like manner, remark Mr. Dorrit at the moment when with Mr. Clennam you come upon him at dinner in the Marshalsea Prison. You note his gentleness, his delicacy as he lifts the knife or the fork from the white tablecloth. You appreciate the helplessness for which Little Dorrit mothers him. Nevertheless, you do not overlook the meat he cuts so daintily, knowing as you do that his daughter has deprived herself of it, has secreted it from her own meager supper at the Clennams', and after her long hours of toil has prepared it for his delectation, expecting no gratitude—and receiving none.

Sharing meals with these characters of Dickens involves visiting many strange dining rooms. Not all of them live in the Meagles' comfortable cottage; some of them live under no roof at all. In our travels from table to table, therefore, we follow a varied itinerary from poor house to mansion, from steamship to London street. But indoors or outdoors, we find the same interest in food that characterizes you or me or any other human being subject to the urgings of hunger. Of these innumerable settings for meals probably the queerest is the damp, rimy marsh described in "Great Expectations." Here you will recall, in the bleak gray dawn, his broken chain still dangling from his ankle, the Convict crouched in the cold grasses, gulping the mince meat and the pork pie he had terrified Pip into stealing for him. We shiver in sympathy as we gaze at his freezing, scarred body, its crudeness accentuated by surroundings even more crude than itself, and we pass on to a more pleasant, though equally unusual and equally cold, outdoor dining room.

No one can forget the church steps in "The Chimes," just as no one can forget Toby Veck and his daughter Meg. As we stand on those steps we feel the tang of the December air, we hear the musical clanging of the church bells, we effervesce with the good humor of New Year's Day. And part-way down the steps we watch Meg laying out the cloth, a cloth just as fresh as any Mrs. Meagles ever owned, while on the street below Toby sniffs ecstatically at the tripe and the potatoes in the covered basket. Right before the public eye is this meal served, but the thought of scornful passers-by disturbs neither the happy Toby, nor his daughter Meg, nor us, his friends.

Most disconcerting of these odd places to eat in is perhaps the shop of Mr. Venus, the taxidermist with the dusty hair. Enter with Silas Wegg and walk amazedly with him from the Hindoo baby in the bottle to the stuffed canary in the glass case. In the light of the candle observe the mould, the benches, the hampers, and the mysterious black shelves. But wince not as Mr. Venus takes the arrow out of the breast of the dead robin and proceeds to toast on it the muffin you are expected to eat with your tea.

Airily as we may declaim, however, about the people who ate Dickens' dinners and about the dining rooms in which they sat, we can no more conceal our enjoyment

of the food than we can at our own table. Neither could Dickens. He delighted in making his readers hungry, either by enumerating long lists of tantalizing dishes or by specializing in one or two tempting appetizers. Rarely did he tell us of a breakfast or of a tea party without explaining exactly of what courses each consisted. The thought that in certain instances the more delicately constituted among us might prefer to be left ignorant of these minute details—as, for example, in the case of Sam Weller's "veal pie"—never occurred to him, a fact for which the rest of us are truly grateful.

We know that Mrs. Pipchin ate hot chops while her niece ate cold pork. We know also that when Bella, then living in luxury with the Boffins, sought out the Cherub in the counting house she found him swallowing bread and milk. We know still further that the hypocritical Pecksniff, at the hypocritical "tea" prepared by his hypocritical daughters, Charity and Mercy, consumed not tea, but ham and eggs. Even Mr. Wemmick's special culinary secret is unveiled to us—the salad made from his own home-grown cucumbers; and many a housewife could please her fretful family more with a recipe from Dickens than with a recipe from Rorer. Does the family plan to take a boat ride? Let her note the menu in "The Steam Excursion." Is it celebrating the arrival of a baby? Let her study "The Bloomsbury Christening." No festive occasion exists for which Dickens neglected to prepare us a meal.

The greatest of these festive dinners was undoubtedly the Christmas dinner of the Cratchits. Never did Dickens assemble at table so wholesome a group: Mrs. Cratchit in her twice-turned gown; Belinda Cratchit, brave in her ribbons; Master Peter Cratchit in his monstrous shirt collar. Never did he select a cosier dining room; never did he place before us so enticing and satisfying a meal as he does here:

There was never such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in. . . .

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eatinghouse and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed but smiling proudly—with the pudding like a speckled cannon-ball so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quarter of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Forever then are we grateful to the unimportant Mr. Budden for inviting to dinner his unimportant cousin, Mr. Minns, because by so doing he opened the door to—Tiny Tim and a hundred other dinner guests, spontaneous, joyful creations of that mighty genius who brought Christmas back from its long Puritan exile and restored childhood to its rightful place of glory in English literature.

REVIEWS

Current Social Problems. By J. M. GILLETTE and J. M. REINHARDT. New York: American Book Company. \$4.00.

This volume, divided into six parts, abounds in facts and figures on the outstanding social problems of the United States. The material is expertly woven together, showing the interrelations of health, crime, race problems, immigration, wealth and income, population, and city and rural conditions. Amazing contrasts are depicted in the farm home, where domestic conveniences are apt to be inferior to those in the barn and field. Water piped into the house is found in less than a sixth, bathtubs in a fifth, gas or electric light in 13 per cent, and power machinery in 15 per cent of farm homes, although over 50 per cent have washing machines, 95 per cent sewing machines, 60 per cent sink and drain, and 96 per cent screened windows. The national farm average for telephones is 34 per cent, ranging from 11 per cent in the South Atlantic to 65 per cent in the West North Central States. A number of the readjustments in rural life suggested by Professors Gillette and Reinhardt have been put in operation by the AAA. Their plan for socialized churches refers exclusively to the multiple Protestant sects. It is recommended that ministers be trained for pastoral duties rather than mere preaching. Religion as a factor in family life, however, is almost entirely overlooked. Nor is any adequate "cure" indicated for the evils of divorce. "The general trend throughout the world," it is said, "is toward more rather than less democracy in all social affairs, including marital relationships." The chapters on child welfare are likewise marred by propaganda for the maternity and infant measure known as the Sheppard-Towner Bill. Objections to the Child Labor Amendment or to Federal Prohibition on constitutional grounds never seem to have occurred to the authors. Social expediency is their only criterion of judgment. By far the most illuminating chapters are those that treat of health and physical welfare, but here, too, there is the same tendency to favor socialized medicine and hospitalization provided by the State. The graphs and Statistical tables that illustrate every section are pertinent and valuable. The book is thoroughly up-to-date, utilizing the 1930 Census data, the report of the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care, and the findings of the Hoover Research Committee on Social Trends. Unfortunately, the rich Catholic literature on social problems, including the Papal Encyclicals, has been completely ignored in the otherwise excellent list of reference works at the end of each chapter. J. F. T.

New Psychology and Old Religion. By the REV. EDWARD F. MURPHY, S.S.J., Ph.D. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.50.

This clever critique of pseudo-psychology is a splendid antidote against many modern mind-poisons. Our much "psyched" youth will there learn to evaluate the poses and subterfuges, the exaggerations and ignorances of sloganized psychology. Centuries before the world was afflicted with the jargon of phobias and fixations, of cyclothymics and schizoids, the Bible not only presented vivid dramas of mental storms and soul diseases but diagnosed their causes and prescribed infallible cures and remedies. The aim of the author is to show that reason, natural religion, supernatural revelation, and genuine psychology, are in perfect accord, and how materialistic and behavioristic psychology stultify intelligence and distort religion. The learned writer skilfully uses his wide Biblical knowledge to set the age-old truths of religion as known and propounded by common sense psychology, in deadly parallel against the equally ancient errors, apparently immortal, now masked in new disguises. The reviewer would have welcomed a more emphatic exposure of the logical absurdities involved in present-day *mania psychologica*. As Dr. Fulton Sheen wisely suggests in his trenchant foreword: "The proper therapeutic for those impressed by the similarity of experiments on white rats and white babies and who reduce thinking to 'the laryngeal itch' is not to repudiate the exaggeration but to assimilate the good and to reject the bad." Lack of space forbids quoting many tempting passages of this excellent book. Too much honor is given to Watson's blatant

dicta regarding the origin of human fears even by the somewhat melodramatic story of man's fall (p. 113). The titles and subtitles of the various chapters are very piquant. W. A. P.

The Old Province of Quebec. By ALFRED LEROY BURT. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. \$5.00.

In this interesting volume Professor Burt tells the story of the three decades between the surrender of Canada to the British by France in 1760, and the coming into force of the Constitutional Act of 1791, which separated old Quebec into Upper and Lower Canada. The author is a Canadian and a Rhodes Scholar, and at the moment Professor of History in the University of Minnesota. And his carefully documented account of the critical years in which the British had to face not only the revolt of the old American Colonies, but the holding also of a newly conquered colony which was neither Protestant nor English in its origins, is a valuable contribution to the history of the political development of the North American Continent. Particularly will it be noticed that he strives to be most generously fair to the Americans in a number of complex incidents, such as the position of the loyalists during the transition of the American Colonies from a British dependency to an independent republic. That attitude, however, does not make him shrink from making it clear that the Philadelphia Continental Congress denounced the provisions of the Quebec Act, which by granting freedom of the Catholic religion in Quebec won over the Catholic clergy to the side of the British. But if the author appears to be sound enough when he touches upon the political, civil, and military incidents essential to his record, he is far from stable when he ventures upon matters in which the Catholic Church was involved. It is uncalled for to speak of the habitants as being "abject slaves of the Church," since there is nothing to show that they were the abject slaves of any institution. Nor was there any overwhelming reason why the Protestant King of England could not "pick a Roman Catholic Bishop" as could a Catholic King of France. The Bishop was not "invested by the Pope," even if he were nominated by the king, which meant no more than that the episcopal candidate was *persona grata* to the sovereign in a day when a Bishop was a landed seignior as well as an ecclesiastical personage. All in all, Professor Burt is not comfortably at home when he approaches Catholic matters, with which these three decades abound, otherwise he would not have mentioned that the Church was accused of not admitting anyone to orders who did not possess title to real estate worth £300. This was apparently no more than ordination *sub titulo patrimonii*, about which the author seems to know nothing. Too, it would be interesting to know just what he means when he says that Bishop Briand ordained "many students who were not fully qualified"; also who were the "lower order of Canadians" from whom the priesthood was recruited? These are regrettable slips, because in other respects the author has written a book of great value on the history of Quebec and early British Canada. W. H. W.

Heine: A Life Between Love and Hate. By LUDWIG MARCUSE. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.00.

This portly biography of the misunderstood Heinrich Heine, German-Jewish poet and philosopher of the early nineteenth century, drifts far from the individual life into the maze of history, of the stirring Napoleonic era of dishevelment, despotism, and general fanfare. The boy Heinrich emerges from boyhood surroundings at Düsseldorf clearly enough only to lose his identity in subsequent pages devoted largely to political upheavals in France and Germany, the rise of new religious schools of thought and the régime of the bourgeoisie; only in the final chapters of his love for "his pocket Vesuvius," Mathilde, of his dragging years of illness, does one feel the personality of Heine again. He is not a detachable figure; he needs the background of events to show better his violent reactions to them; so the amassing of extraneous material is justified. For Louise M. Sievelking and Ian F. D.

Morrow to translate another author is an achievement where balance and coordination of viewpoint are preserved as in the present volume. The style is direct, robust, forceful, with contrasting delicate turns of phrase. Discussion of Heine's artistic contemporaries is especially illuminating. The book is not just another biography but a real contribution to literature, a work to which the scholar may turn with profit and which the casual reader may read a little less casually. E. H. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Spiritual Helps.—Curiosity concerning the life of the Cistercian monk gives a romantic appeal to "A Spiritual Directory for Religious: Vol. I," translated from the original French text, "Directoire spirituel a l'usage des cisterciens de la stricte observance," by a priest of New Melleray Abbey, Peosta, Iowa. Sent out from the ascetic cloisters of a monastery of strict observance, its chapters lead one to see the romance in the holy vows which unite a creature to the august Creator. In clear and forceful style, due, no doubt, to the author's sincere devotion to his rule, the spiritual life is explained in its difficulties, its duties, and its excellences. Directness of instruction, a knowledge of subject matter, and a conviction that one must "pay his vows to God," cause the reverend writer to make his work pabulum for meditation, and applicable to life not only in a Cistercian monastery, but in cloisters of the active life and even in the secular lives of the laity. One closes the final chapter with a regret that Vol. II is not at hand, so that one may descend from the general phases of the spiritual life to the particular points of the day's solemn routine.

An unpretentious but by no means negligible contribution to Franciscan literature is the delightful little brochure, "Saint Francis of Assisi in Paragraph and Picture" (Gill. Dublin. 7/6), by Father Aloysius, O.M.Cap. As indicated by the title, the illustrations by Sean MacManus form an integral part of the book. In a manner savoring of the "Fioretti," the salient facts and scenes of the life of Francis are so presented as to reveal his spirit, and thus bring old and young under the spell of him who has been called the most perfect copy of Jesus. His "Letter to all the Faithful" and his "Cantic of the Sun" form a valuable appendix.

Mother Mary Philip of the Bar Convent, York, can always be depended upon to furnish a worthwhile book; and her latest, "In Praise of Mary" (Kenedy. \$1.10), is a notable addition to Marian literature and to any library of devotional works. It contains liturgical and other prayers in honor of Our Lady, and helpful thoughts on some of her feasts and titles, interspersed with carefully chosen quotations from the Fathers and various saints and spiritual writers.

Novice-like studies—rather, inadequate summaries—of the classic "methods of Prayer" will be found in "Direction in Prayer" (Morehouse. \$1.50), edited by Patrick Thompson. The "Theory of Prayer" is expressed, an historical sketch of the theory and practice of prayer is given. "Some Methods of Prayer"—Ignatian, St. Sulpice, with an effort at expressing Franciscan, Dominican, Carmelite, etc., methods—bring the prayer part to an end. There follows something of a *Directorium* for assisting the groping and untrained leader of souls. Books of the sort are rather tragic. Such folk as write in them, sincere, of course, rooting in the dust of time for theories and practices which their ancestors brutally murdered other men for holding, present a picture to be wept over. Yet, since any prayer to God is good, no doubt they will reap their reward. Undoubtedly, they will assist themselves in keeping up the tragedy by thus appropriating Catholic things.

"Happiness for Patients" (Hospital Publishing Company, New York. \$1.00), by the Rev. John Croke, is the very kind of a visitor that almost every patient will welcome to his room. It approaches the bed of illness with a sympathetic understanding of what a "shut-in" meets day after day, tells the patient some of his kept thoughts, and creates a new atmosphere around the pillow permeated with hospital air. It lifts the patient out of his dismal ponderings and sets his mind to brighter thinking. The readings

are short and pithy, and contain just enough of the spiritual to leave food for thought. The author has a knowledge of the physical side of illness and, like the Divine Doctor, realizes that soul and body often accept the cure at one time.

Essays in Foreign Tongues.—With the growth of interest in the oriental churches, especially through the conversion of Mar Theophilus and his companions, has come in recent times a greater desire to become acquainted with the various movements towards reunion with Rome which took place in the previous centuries, particularly the sixteenth. Vol. XXIX (January-March, 1933) of *Orientalia Christiana* (Rome: Piazza Santa Maria Maggiore 7. 45 lire) is consecrated to a scholarly essay on the Chaldean Church in the century of union: *La Chiesa caldea nel secolo dell'Unione*, by Msgr. G. Beltrami. The story of the relations of the Holy See with the unionistic movements in Chaldaea, Egypt, and Malabar in India is told, beginning with the mission sent to Pope Julius III from Assyria in 1553. The studies of Vincenzo Buri, S.J., on the union of the Coptic Church under Clement VIII (*Orientalia Christiana*. August-September, 1931) prepared the way for the chapters on the Coptic union in Msgr. Beltrami's treatise. Volume XXX of the same publication, number 1, treats of the relations between Theophanes III, Patriarch of Jerusalem, and Pope Urban VIII, by Georg Hofmann, S.J. (10 lire). Number 2, of the same volume, reproduces, with critical notes and German translation, the text of parts of the Ethiopian liturgy (*Gregorius-Anaphoren*. Löfgren und Euringer. 22 lire). In number 3 Father Irenée Hausherr, S.J., treats of the spiritual doctrine of the oriental churches, particularly as set forth in the great spiritual classics of the East, as Evagrius, *Opus de Oratione*, and Hierotheus. Many interesting items of erudition are contained therein for the delectation of the student of spirituality, such as the eight deadly sins of Evagrius, and the predominance of mind, *nous*, in the East, as compared to the *soul* in the Western doctrines. Students of philosophy and theology will welcome these scholarly studies on vital questions of Catholic revival.

For those who are interested in philosophy, "La Connaissance humaine," published under the general title of "Problèmes Philosophiques" (Tèqui. 20 francs) will be found quite useful. This work, which has been compiled from the notes of the late Joseph Le Rochellec, noted authority on St. Thomas, is divided into two main parts. The first takes up the fundamental principles of intellectual cognition and contains abundant references to St. Thomas. The second part of the work is devoted to the metaphysical principles of morality and places special emphasis on the material, formal, and final causes of morality. In the appendix a few select questions have been treated, such as the theory of the passions according to St. Thomas and the place of the imagination in metaphysics. There is an instructive preface to the book by Father Boyer, S.J., Professor of Theology at the Gregorian University, Rome.

Books Received.—This list is published, without recommendation, for the benefit of our readers. Some of the books will be reviewed in later issues.

AMERICA GOES SOCIALISTIC. Henry Savage, Jr. \$1.75. Dorrance.
ANTONITO. Benedict Williamson. \$1.25. Herder.
BORNE ON THE WIND. Alice Curtayne. 5/. Browne and Nolan.
BRAZILIAN ADVENTURE. Peter Fleming. \$2.75. Scribner's.
BY FANCY'S FOOTPATH. Enid Dinnis. \$1.25. Herder.
CONTARDO FERRINI. Bede Jarrett, O.P. \$1.25. Herder.
HIMSELF. David P. McAstocker, S.J. \$1.25. Bruce.
JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. Sister Mary Aloysi Kiener, S.N.D. \$3.00. Collegiate Press.
LIFE OF THE RIGHT REVEREND MATHIAS LORAS, D.D. A Sister of the Visitation. \$1.50. Kenedy.
MY FAITH. Dom Hilaire Duesberg, O.S.B. \$2.00. Benziger.
RHETORIC OF ST. HILARY OF POITIERS, THE. Sister Mary Frances Buttell. Catholic University.
ROMANCE OF LADY POVERTY. A. Rev. Celestine N. Bittle, O.M.Cap. Bruce.
SAINT BRIGID OF IRELAND. Alice Curtayne. 3/6. Browne and Nolan.
SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS, THE. Adapted by Arthur Guiterman and Lawrence Langner. \$2.00. French.
STORY OF LITTLE BLACK SAMBO, THE. \$1.50. Garden City Publishing Company.
SEPARATED EASTERN CHURCHES, THE. Rev. Père Janin. \$1.35. Herder.
TASTE AND SEE. J. E. Moffatt, S.J. 75 cents. Bruce.
WORK OF ART. Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday, Doran.

Christmas Tree. The Murders at Loon Lake. The Adventures of a White Girl in Her Search for God. Where Is My Mother?

There is an elusive quality about the Lady Eleanor Smith's "Christmas Tree" (Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50). Sketches strung together on the slender thread of seven Christmas trees bought from the same shop by seven different people, each tree creates a tale by itself and reveals the character of the purchaser. The book is packed with people of all sorts, lovingly and aptly drawn, who rub elbows amidst all the sights and sounds of London without any dramatic entanglement of their lives. The narrative is easy, sometimes vivacious and sparkling, and often enshrines a charming episode. In spite of a note of artificiality and a flatness in character portrayal, the realism is genuine and not offensive. Indeed a Dickensian atmosphere pervades the book. Motors, cinemas, champagne, and staccato sentences notwithstanding, Dickens' sentiment and incurable love of human beings might have done the story's Scrooge, the turtle-dove Fenwicks in their "slice of a house," and the lonely Fraulein Haussemann with her tiny frosted tree. But Dickens would never have struck a false note about children, nor have written with tolerant sympathy of an illicit love affair. Neither would he have worshipped the Christmas Tree as a symbol of human loves and ambitions, with no allusion to its Christian significance. Small wonder the lives portrayed are so futile, and that the author leaves her characters in drab and utter loneliness, not daring to probe the dark places in their souls.

"The Murders at Loon Lake" (King. \$2.00), by Kenneth Whipple, is an unusually good mystery story with plenty of murder, suspense, and an exasperatingly teasing climax at the end of each chapter. Four substantial men of affairs, the "Four Foxes," old college chums, meet every summer for fish and fish stories at their "den" on Loon Lake. The red hand of murder touches three of them without warning. Brentwood, the fourth "Fox," turns bloodhound and runs down every scent of a clue till the murders are avenged. Start this one early or you'll be up late.

In "The Adventures of the White Girl in Her Search for God" (Morehouse. 75 cents), Charles Herbert Maxwell writes an answer to the recent story by Bernard Shaw about a Black Girl's Search for God. With a certain white-bearded dramatist as her guide, and a niblick in her hand, the White Girl sets out on her quest, and, despite the bad coaching of the guide, is successful. Her adventures, especially her meeting with Christ at the well, are beautifully and entertainingly told. Not glitteringly satirical or sarcastic, as one might expect, this reverent little book is filled with "sweetness and light" and makes pleasant reading. It is a happy answer of an optimist to Shavian pessimism.

Dr. Charles Gilmore Kerley would disprove the old saw that "Age ain't nothing but blood will tell." His novel "Where Is My Mother?" (Smith and Haas. \$2.00) sets forth the power of environment over heredity and about this central theme weaves the story of three generations; an aristocratic French army officer who settles in New York's lower East Side and grows rich with the shrewdness of a French peasant; his beautiful daughter Celeste, an "institution child," who is imbued with the false standard that her father's wealth can buy anything, and who develops into a hard woman through a tragic experience with an Austrian nobleman; Celeste's children, especially the little daughter whom she dare not acknowledge as her own and who in her turn is "brought up by paid people" in luxurious loneliness. Allusions suggest that the characters are nominally Catholic, but religion never influences their lives. Celeste endures an unalterable nemesis for her youthful sin, but the very powerful situation is not developed with dramatic intensity. The too-evident pointing of a moral and a constant *deus ex machina* in the person of Dr. Steele make the plot slightly unconvincing. Nor would the medical profession endorse that doctor's ethics on one occasion. Yet the book is interesting despite the professional tone, and its best note is the presentation of the home as "the taproot of civilization" and the powerful influence of family life in moulding character.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Bouquet from Birmingham

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As a Southerner whose forbears were slave holders let me express my appreciation of Father Blakely's splendid article on lynching in the issue of AMERICA for December 16. He is a man of vision.

I grew up on a plantation in the "black belt" of Alabama, and one vivid memory of my childhood is of my father's heading a posse of Negroes to prevent the lynching of a Negro tenant by outraged members of his own race. Justice prevailed after an all-night ride. On another occasion a Negro "conjure woman" who had poisoned members of our family in an attempt upon the cook's life was assisted to escape violence by my mother, herself a victim of the poison.

Just recently the daughter of an ex-slave who now lives in this district walked several miles to the street-car in order to visit me. Her father accompanied his young master to the war between the States, and after the latter's death in battle came all the way back to Alabama on foot, bringing his master's coat and saber. Truly, as Father Blakely says, the high-class Southerner regrets race disturbances and the crime of lynching.

Birmingham.

LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY.

After Reading This Issue . . .

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Great good can be done by the distribution of Catholic literature, pamphlets, periodicals and newspapers among the boys in the Conservation Camps in this area. I have given diligent effort to this subject and already the prospects for keeping up the work are most encouraging, much more than I had hoped for when I set in to accomplish it. For example, in the La Follette area (which is the northern terminus of this "parish") there are 2,000 Catholic boys. Of course, I want to get as many Catholic papers every week into that camp as is humanly possible, and consequently I am appealing to Catholics to send along any number of papers or magazines which their generosity might prompt. Better, I think, that all be mailed to me in Rockwood; I assure immediate and appropriate distribution. I want nothing but Catholic literature.

Rockwood, Tenn.

W. J. MEININGER.

Chairman Connery and the New Deal

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In connection with the NRA certain gains are definitely recognized: abolition of child labor, minimum wage, collective bargaining, limitation of hours of labor, etc. Where, outside of a Catholic college, has such a program of social reform ever been advocated in this country?

The Chairman of the House Committee on Labor, William P. Connery, is a graduate of Holy Cross College, from which he holds two degrees. His bill, the Connery-Black Thirty-Hour-Week Bill, was the genesis of the NRA social reforms, as a perusal of the records shows.

Senator Black has been designated the father of the NRA by a writer of national importance in a widely syndicated article. Connery's part remains a secret, but he is the only explanation of the program which reflects the principles of famous Encyclicals. Holy Cross may wake up to the fact that it has a very illustrious son, if the New Deal accomplishes the social and economic revolution now in process.

Lynn.

WILLIAM F. PASHBY.

Chronicle

Home News.—The regular session of the Seventy-third Congress began on January 3, President Roosevelt delivering in person his initial message at a joint session. It contained a report on the progress of recovery, brief comment on foreign affairs, and definite issues in the recovery program. He informed Congress that the Government's credit had been fortified by drastic reduction of the cost of permanent agencies through the Economy Act. The "overwhelming majority" of the banks were in sound condition and had been brought under Federal insurance (which became effective January 1). He felt "the hard beginning" was over. Although the machinery might need readjustment, he believed that a permanent feature of industrial structure had been created, that it would continue "under the supervision but not the arbitrary dictation of government itself." He reiterated his declaration at the Wilson Day dinner on December 28, when he said the Government would be unalterably opposed to armed intervention in dealing with her neighbors, and "that the United States will never again seek one additional foot of territory by conquest." An unusual feature of his message was the lack of any request for legislation. Immediately after the President's message, which was well received by Congressmen and other observers, Representative Doughton presented the Liquor Tax bill. It proposed a basic levy of \$2 a gallon on distilled spirits, and is estimated to yield annually more than \$300,000,000 in new revenue. On January 4, the President sent to Congress the budget for the year ending June 30, 1935, and estimates of receipts and expenditures for the year ending June 30, 1934. He reported an overall deficit of \$7,309,068,211 for this year and the necessity of borrowing \$10,000,000,000 by July 1 to balance the Treasury books. Of this, \$4,000,000,000 would retire maturing Government obligations. For 1934, general expenditures were estimated at \$3,045,520,267, and emergency at \$6,357,486,700 (a total of \$9,403,006,967), the latter including \$1,677,190,800 for the Public Works Administration and \$3,969,740,300 for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Receipts were estimated at \$3,259,938,756. For 1935, general expenditures were estimated at \$3,237,512,200 and emergency \$723,286,500, a total of \$3,960,798,700. The latter included \$1,089,883,100 for the PWA, with a deduction of \$480,436,600 for repayments to the RFC. Receipts were estimated at \$3,974,665,479. The President also estimated approximately \$2,000,000,000 for relief and recovery, which was not included. The public debt on June 30, 1934, was estimated at \$29,847,000,000, an increase of \$7,309,068,211. Against this, however, various Governmental agencies have loans outstanding with a book value of \$3,558,516,189 against which collateral or assets have been pledged. He estimated that during the fiscal year 1935 the nation's total debt would amount to almost \$32,000,000,000. He stated that "this excess of expenditures

over revenues amounting to over \$9,000,000,000 during two fiscal years has been rendered necessary to bring the country to a sound condition after the unexampled crisis which we encountered last Spring. It is a large amount but the unmeasurable benefits justify the cost." The President's tax proposals did not include increased income levies. He recommended the continuation of the three-cent postal rate for non-local mail, and estimated that \$150,000,000 annually may be gained by amendment of administrative sections of the income-tax law. On December 30, in a report on its first six months, the National Recovery Administration claimed re-employment of 4,000,000 workers, with reduction in hours of work and rises in basic rates of pay for fully five times that number. On January 1, President Roosevelt accepted the resignation of Secretary of the Treasury Woodin, because of continued illness. Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Acting Secretary, was sworn in as Secretary.

Confusion in Rumania.—On December 29, Premier Ion G. Duca, leader of the Liberal party, was assassinated, and Mayor Costescu of Bucharest was slightly injured. Four bullets entered the head of the Premier, fired by Radu Constantinescu. The murderer and two accomplices, Calimachy and Doradu-Belimache, were arrested. The three were followers of the Nazi faction and members of the Iron Guard, whose purpose was to introduce Hitler's anti-Semitic program into Rumania. M. Duca had come to the Premiership six weeks before, succeeding Vaida-Voevod. In the recent elections his Liberal party won 300 of the 389 Parliamentary seats. Many other outbreaks and the exploding of bombs were reported throughout Rumania. Members of the Iron Guard faction to the number of 1,400 were placed in a concentration camp. On December 29, Constantine Angelescu was made Premier and had a meeting with his Cabinet the following morning. In the evening martial law was declared. Foreign Minister Titulescu went to St. Moritz and it was rumored he would leave the Cabinet. On January 3, Premier Angelescu and his Cabinet after five days of weak administration resigned, and Minister of Commerce George Tatarescu was summoned to form a new Cabinet. It was expected that both Titulescu and Angelescu would give the new Premier their support and remain in the Cabinet.

Second Five-Year Plan.—The Soviet Government published on December 30 the outline of the second Five-Year Plan as it was to be presented later to the consideration of the Communist party congress. The plan provided for an increase in annual industrial production in the period from the end of 1932 to the end of 1937 of 2.4 times, or from 43,000,000,000 rubles to 103,000,000,000. Of this more than half, or 54,300,000,000, would be goods of popular consumption. Annual production of coal, oil, pig iron, machines, and the production of means of production are to be more than doubled; steel, copper, and chemical production and motor apparatus to be trebled or more; electric power to increase by

180 per cent; agricultural production to be doubled; grain crop raised by 110,000,000 metric tons; freight and river transport to be raised; the turnover of goods to increase two to three times and the national income to rise from 45,500,000 rubles to 108,000,000. An immense amount of new building was planned, including 178 new coal mines, eleven iron mills, ninety-three oil-cracking and forty-six refining plants, etc. "The complete mechanization of all industrial processes, the creation of new power enterprises, accomplishment of the electrification of industry, the wide development of electrified transport, and the adoption of electrical power in agricultural operations" were planned. Particular attention would be paid to transportation, especially the railroads. The system would be completely reorganized on American lines, with long terminals, heavier cars, rails, and locomotives than other European countries have, automatic coupling and block signals. It was planned to double-track 5,900 miles of railroads, mostly east of the Urals.

Soviet Hopes and Fears.—At an interview granted to the Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times*, at New Year's, Joseph Stalin, Soviet dictator, expressed confidence that his Government could meet all its obligations and be able to finance its new enterprises. Credit, however, was absolutely necessary, and must be supplied in abundance. The gold supply of the country was increasing, he said, due to improved mining. The chief alarm was over the warlike intentions of Japan, a theme continually recurring in Soviet utterances. Alarm was also expressed by French Communists over the alleged French exports of munitions to Japan. Severe criticism of the conditions prevailing at some of the principal manufacturing plants, such as Magnitogorsk, appeared in the Moscow press. The trade balance was distinctly more favorable.

Pan-American Conference Closes.—In a dramatic demonstration of peace the seventh Pan-American Conference closed on the evening of December 26 by turning over to the League of Nations its one war problem, that of the Gran Chaco. It was the shortest and most successful conference in the history of the Pan-American Union. President Terra of Uruguay said that United States Secretary Hull was the guiding spirit of the entire Conference and more than any other individual was responsible for its outstanding success:

Three things gave Mr. Hull an outstanding position never before achieved by any North American in South America: his frank explanation of the United States tariff policy, with his insistence that a gradual, general lowering of tariffs is necessary to national recovery; his declaration that South America need fear no intervention by the United States; and his earnest desire for peace in the Chaco and his close and active cooperation in bringing this about.

General satisfaction was everywhere expressed over the unhopd for outcome.

Disarmament Deadlock Continues.—The coming of the New Year found the situation unchanged with re-

gard to the attitude of France and Germany towards disarmament, with Great Britain in the habitual role of a friendly but unpredictable mediator. A conversation on December 21 between the British and French Foreign Ministers, Sir John Simon and Joseph Paul-Boncour, brought out that France was still definitely opposed to Germany's rearmament proposals. In the meantime, Herr Hitler asked when France was going to begin her reductions of armaments. French eyes were watchful of Great Britain lest there be any weakening in her attitude; but British fidelity to the League of Nations was praised, and Britain made it clear that it would attempt or advise nothing which was not done within the framework of the League; also, that it would stand by the draft convention of March, 1933. The French, however, showed some signs of yielding points if only the integrity of the League were maintained. On January 1, André François-Poncet, the French Ambassador to Berlin, conferred with Chancellor Hitler. It was reported that the propositions to be laid before him were as follows: there must be no form of rearmament by Germany; there must be no basic changes in the League of Nations; negotiations in the form of direct conversations between the German Chancellor and the French Premier or their official representatives would not take place, though diplomatic contacts would continue. The proposed non-aggression pact was not acceptable. The fate of the Saar region would be settled, as originally contemplated, by a plebiscite in 1935 and not before. French military strength was to be fully maintained. French alliances and friendships were to be consolidated. These, however, were regarded as maximum demands. At the same time Belgium's Foreign Minister, Paul Hymans, was active in Paris representing Belgium's sense of danger; and the activity of France's various allies in urging their solidarity and their fears for democracy if the League were impaired were kept up. Sir John Simon went to Rome to confer with Premier Mussolini, who was said to stress strongly the need of handling Germany in a conciliatory fashion. In the view of the many principles held in common by Great Britain and Italy, it was thought in the latter country that the surest basis for disarmament would be an Anglo-Italian agreement.

Religious Conflicts in Germany.—On New Year's eve Chancellor Hitler enumerated among his achievements the destruction of the Center party, the Concordat with the Vatican, and the establishment of the new Reich Church. On December 30 the *New York Times* reported that three major concessions were made to Catholics in regard to the sterilization laws: all such operations must be performed in State hospitals, thus exempting Catholic private hospitals; Catholic physicians were exempted; and the choice was granted to any Catholic sentenced to sterilization to voluntarily enter an institution that would be held responsible for him. The Rev. Dr. Rossberger, Director of the Catholic seminary at Freising, near Munich, was accused of sedition and sentenced to eight months' imprisonment. Dr. Rossberger has been held

in a concentration camp at Dachau since November 17. Cardinal Faulhaber in his New Year's sermon boldly rebuked the excessive nationalism with its exaggerated race consciousness and the folly of building up a race religion out of old Teuton myths. The conservative Protestant Bishops, finding their ultimatum to Dr. Mueller disregarded, began the organization of the religious elements excluding politics, and met on January 4 in Berlin to demand an end of Dr. Mueller's regime. On November 29 the original Reich Church Cabinet resigned; on December 2, Dr. Mueller proposed another Cabinet, which was not approved by the Opposition. All of this Cabinet resigned. As all but three of the State Bishops broke with the German Christians and were strongly supported by 6,000 of the clergy, it was hoped a new program would receive Hitler's approval.

Argentine Rebellion.—Martial law was declared throughout Argentina on December 29 because of revolutionary outbreaks in several parts of the country, including the cities of Santa Fé, Rosario, San Luis, and Concordia. In Concordia seventy-five persons were reported killed. The revolutionists were in possession of Santo Tomé and were reported to be strongly entrenched in the Corrientes and Entre Rios Provinces. The Government stated that the rebels were members of the Radical party which had refused to take any part in the Government since the overthrow of the late President Irigoyen in September, 1930. The present Justo Government is a coalition of minority parties, controlled by rich cattle breeders, absentee land owners, and other conservatives, and has been in power since 1932.

Bishops Support Dollfuss.—In a Pastoral Letter issued on December 22 the Catholic Bishops of Austria strongly endorsed the Dollfuss Government and scored the race madness, violent anti-Semitism, and extreme nationalism of the Nazi program. The Nazi Prince Bernard of Saxe-Meiningen, who had fled from a concentration camp into Italy, was arrested returning to his castle near Klagenfurt and was immediately deported to Germany. On New Year's Day, by agreement, an Austrian Nazi leader, Alfred Fraunfeld, was released from jail, and two Austrian police officials held in Bavaria were returned to Austria. Attempts to kidnap Prince von Starhemberg failed and the Prince was safe at Klagenfurt.

Fukien War Grows.—Fuchow, the capital of the rebel Fukien Government, was bombed by Nanking airplanes on December 23, 24, and 25, and fifty-eight persons were reported to have lost their lives. After more than five weeks of preparation, Nanking completed plans for a combined army and navy and aerial attack on the rebels. The rebel Nineteenth army of 60,000 joined forces with 75,000 Kiangsi Communists, and heavy fighting was expected to break out soon.

Ireland's Unemployment Problem.—Despite the efforts of Seam Lemass, Minister of Industry and Com-

merce of the Irish Free State, to bolster industry by building factories, the number of people registering at the employment exchanges throughout the country as totally unemployed has increased at the rate of 2,000 per week for men. This was called the most menacing problem confronting the national economics. The oft-repeated charges that these new factories offered work to young women and juveniles were said to be substantiated by the steady rise in unemployment for men. As the population of the Free State tends to increase at the rate of 20,000 a year, the national economy must be so framed that this number be annually absorbed by reproductive industry; but at present reproductive industry has failed to absorb the increase. In the meantime a new act was recently passed for the provision of maintenance on a much more liberal scale for all unemployed. When this act comes into operation a considerable part of the cost of public maintenance will be transferred from the funds of the local authorities to those of the Unemployment Insurance and national funds.

Cuban Events.—Christmas brought freedom to more than 600 persons who had been imprisoned for their opposition to the Grau Government. Secretary Despaigue of the Treasury announced next day that the Cuban Government would not pay the loans due the Chase National Bank of New York because they were contracted by an unconstitutional President supported by an unconstitutional Congress. He stated that the payments on the other New York loans would be made regularly. President Grau informed the press on January 2 that he would turn the reins of government over to a Constituent Assembly on May 20 and would then retire to private life.

Heir to Japanese Throne.—In an atmosphere of universal rejoicing an imperial prince and heir to the Japanese throne was born in Tokyo on the morning of December 23. United States Ambassador Grew was among the first of the throng of diplomats who came to the palace to offer congratulations.

Next week, Gerhard Hirschfeld will take our glances abroad to see what the economic situation there has become. His conclusion is furnished in his title, "The World Is Recovering."

"The First Negro Parish in the United States" is the title and subject of John T. Gillard's interesting paper on St. Francis Xavier's in Baltimore.

A recent film, the discovery of an old letter of the last century, and a French questionnaire, will furnish John LaFarge with the text for a charming literary article which he calls "What Do They Want to Read?"

E. Francis McDevitt will contribute another piece about the Argentina of the coming Eucharistic Congress in "The Dust of El Libertador."

Margaret Blundell found "In the Shadow of St. Peter's" a little village church in Rome.